THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Bolt from the Blue

A Study of Nabokov's New Novel

by Mary McCarthy

Anti-Communism	*Irving Brant*
Potomac Dollars	*Anthony Lewis*
Animal Instinct	*Louis J. Halle*
Door to China	*The Editors*
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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Stock Market Seismograph

★ The week before Christmas a share of IBM cost $607. The Dow-Jones average of industrial stocks stood at an all-time high of 734.91. Surveying the prospect December 25, this jaundiced reporter wrote:

"This is the time when financial writers go into littered cubbyholes, thumb typewriters and bat out pieces on how good things are going to be in the year ahead. We, contrary to professional financial writers, think the stock market is way too high."

We proceeded to give our reasons, noting that the ratio of stock prices to yields had climbed to a point "greater than in 1928, the year before the crash." We observed cheerily "someday there will be a reckoning" and in the spirit of the season added, "And so a Yuletide greeting to Wall Street."

We refer to this again now not in any I-told-you-so mood but because so many financial writers purport themselves baffled at why the stock market fell, or attribute it to business distrust of Kennedy. How silly! Stocks fell because they were too high. We suspect some of them will be lower still. Last week you could buy an IBM share for $398, and the Dow-Jones industrial average was at 611.88.

If our rule-of-thumb is correct New York Stock Market paper values have lost $60 billion since the December high, and if the American Stock Exchange and all unlisted securities are added the total may well be doubled. The paper loss so far is about as big as one year's federal budget.

Kennedy couldn't ignore this development if he wanted to. It involves 15 million investors and deeply affects business confidence. The stock market is one seismograph that can produce its own earthquakes.

Somehow or other when Kennedy took office the urgency of unemployment and unused plant capacity seemed to diminish. For one thing, recovery had begun and things looked better. Academic economists almost unanimously urged him to spend more and budget for a bigger deficit, but he needed a reputation for "fiscal responsibility" while he nursed his prestige in Congress and the nation. Besides that, Cold War problems loomed bigger than the domestic economy. Kennedy followed the economic advice of liberals part way but not so far as to produce any charge of radicalism.

So now all of a sudden the economic problem is back again. Things are better than when Kennedy took office but not as much better as hoped. The rate of recovery is slowing down. Unemployment is still high at 5.5 percent and steel plants are operating at only 60 percent capacity. Labor leaders have grown tired of waiting and are offering their own embarrassing solution, a 35-hour work week. Businessmen are beginning to whisper that what they need is "a little inflation."

Spending Popularity

★ We have an idea that Kennedy is well aware of the situation, a notion reinforced by his sophisticated answers to questions at last week's press conference. There is, to begin with, the stock market decline; there is the impatient clamor from labor leaders; there is the positive example of faster growth in Italy, France, Germany and the like (a matter to which he directed attention at his press conference); and there is continuing advice from the academic economists. We have mentioned Harvard's Seymour Harris, who is a senior consultant to the Secretary of the Treasury, and who utters such heresies in his new book as that "a modest amount of inflation" is a small price to pay for maximum growth, and that "even continuous deficits, year after year, are not necessarily harmful."

The stock market correction had to come sooner or later and it has been orderly and, on the whole, probably not too serious. What will worry us however are these gruesome encouragements beginning to come from the Administration, notably Lyndon Johnson, who tries to buck us up by pointing out that we are making new economic highs every day. Of course we are – so what? We increase the size of our working force one percent a year, and we increase productivity by an additional 2.5 percent. That means that we must make a new high in output of 3.5 percent a year *just to stay where we are.* If we don't get that minimum 3.5 percent growth, unemployment increases. These "new high" figures by themselves prove very little.

Kennedy's Gallup poll popularity rating dropped from 79 percent in March to 73 percent after the steel crisis and may very well drop some more after his fighting New York speech for medicare. We think it is a fine thing, and give him credit for spending his popularity aggressively just as we hoped he would do. A dynamic President is not going to have a popularity rating of 73 percent very long amidst controversial issues. Kennedy's bills are now backed up, bumper to bumper, in Congress in the biggest legislative road block we have seen. He is putting on maximum pressure for the big three – trade, tax and medicare. If he gets these three he will have a remarkable record.

Nobody can guess what Congress will do. As we look down on the nearly empty chambers week after week we often wonder whether the present legislative set-up really can cope with the needs of the modern world.

Dangerous Canada

★ The Canadian election comes June 18 and most US newspapers are giving it less attention than the California primary. They send reporters to Ghana or Hong Kong but not Montreal. Canada is protected by 3,000 miles of unfortified boredom. Is there some subtle psychological reason for this avoidance? Canada is not afraid of public ownership, its health care would shock the AMA, it hands out a baby bonus, it has no need for reapportionment, it doesn't permit filibusters in the upper chamber, it runs radio and railways in competition with private industry. Better keep away from such a neighbor; let's just ignore it.

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Opening the Door

After persevering for nearly 13 years with a China policy calculated to make an unruly Communist giant more unruly, the US is presented with a unique and potentially rewarding opportunity to revise this policy under circumstances favorable to ourselves. Three major developments have combined to give us this chance: the crisis in relations between Khrushchevism and Maoism, the famine in China (of which the Hong Kong refugees are a symptom), and the Soviet Union's inability to help China feed its people.

If only famine had not hit now, or Russia had had surplus grain from Khrushchev's virgin lands to fill empty Chinese bellies – and nothing indicates that he wouldn't if he could – it is doubtful whether we could have played any more useful role than that of remote spectator of the bitter in-fighting going on between the two. Now, for sacks of wheat, we may be able to sit within sight of the ringside.

As late as February 14, 1960, in a speech celebrating the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Sino-Soviet Alliance, Marshal Chu Teh was still speaking with gratitude of Soviet aid: "The over 290 large-scale construction projects already completed or now undergoing construction with assistance from the Soviet Union constitute the nucleus and backbone of the industrial construction of our country and are of significant influence in the rapid completion of an integral industrial system in our country," he said. "The Soviet Union has dispatched many experts to help our country in construction, and has also assisted our country in training a large number of scientists and technicians. The Soviet Union helped our country in formulating the 12-year plan for scientific development, and also provided us with great assistance in the research of peaceful utilization of atomic energy, thus considerably promoting the progress of research in science and technology in our country."

China's close and intimate association with the Soviet Union has been fundamental to Mao Tse-tung's plans. Even before he assumed office as Chairman of the People's Republic of China in 1949, Mao emphasized in his "leaning to one side" speech that outside help was acceptable only from within the bloc, specifically from the Soviet Union, and that he did not want aid from the US. From the mass of his writings it is clear that Mao sees himself in the great tradition of Marxist thinkers. That China should have the closest relations with the Soviet Union and reject all aid from bourgeois countries was therefore logical. In the early years, China found considerable strength

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in this relationship. The immunity from American attacks across the Yalu River, which it enjoyed during the Korean War, was based primarily on the consideration that the extension of the war to Chinese territory might also involve the Soviet Union and set off a third world war. The Russians created the Chinese Air Force. The Navy still depends on Russian bottoms.

During China's first Five Year Plan the Soviet Union contributed 156 separate industrial projects, including steel mills and hydroelectric stations. The first three major iron and steel bases at Anshan, Wuhan and Paotow were all built under the Soviet aid program. Seven thousand Chinese teachers and 6,000 students and post-graduate students had been trained in the Soviet Union by 1957, and at a peak there were 10,800 Soviet industrial advisers and other economic experts in China. By way of comparison, Indonesia, which is currently enjoying Soviet favors, has had at most 500.

Ideological Strings

Then, in the summer of 1960, some thousands of Russian technicians went home and did not return. How much of this was merely seasonal and how much represented the pulling out of technicians for other reasons is uncertain. In any case, Russian assistance, if on a diminished scale, continued, and was still continuing, at the time of the 22nd Congress in Moscow last October. By this spring, however, Soviet aid had become minimal. There were no references to it in the published speeches commemorating the anniversary of the Sino-Soviet pact this year. Neutral and other embassies in Peking give conflicting assessments, but all agree that the volume of aid has declined considerably.

A much too ready Western assumption is that this cutback is entirely Moscow-initiated. Far too little weight has been given to the contrary assumption – that when it comes to a question of going it alone, or accepting Khrushchev's ideological strings, Mao may prefer to go it alone.

Neither Khrushchev nor Mikoyan threatened such drastic action as the elimination of aid at the 22nd Congress, but Chou En-lai, growing progressively angrier as the attacks on Albania and Stalin became more pointedly directed at Peking, said quite bluntly that China, despite its economic difficulties, was prepared to fend for itself. For obvious and expedient reasons the split between the Soviet Union and China has not become complete, but differences between Khrushchev and Mao appear to have passed the point of no return.

This offers appealing opportunities, not for attempting to drive a wedge into the Sino-Soviet gap – nothing could be better calculated to close it – but for attempting a break-through in our relations with China. If there were any validity in the assumption that Mao's regime, if left to its own devices, would fall apart and into counter-revolution, the continued treatment of China as a pariah would be justified. To put it brutally, the deaths of some tens of millions of Chinese from starvation might be considered a cheap price to pay for the collapse of the regime. But today, even in the fourth and worst year of shortages and economic difficulties, this is not a possibility. The instruments of control are still effective, and, predictably, will remain so.

Denied, whether by its own choice or otherwise, the assistance it needs, and in the past received in part at least from the Soviet Union, China must look elsewhere. The limited trade agreements recently completed with Eastern European countries will not make any significant difference. Nor will acceptance by a handful of Western countries of a few thousand Chinese refugees. For "the basic problem," as the President noted at his last press conference, "is that of a tremendous country – 650 million people – where the food supply is inadequate."

Against its own firmly stated original principles, China has to reach beyond the bloc, beyond the neutrals and the running dogs of the West, to the West itself, even to the greatest imperialist of all, the United States, in an effort to overcome its food crisis. Officials of the China National Cereals and Oils and Foodstuffs Import and Export Corporation spoke with uncommon frankness six months ago when they met Middle Western wheatgrowers to discuss the purchase of large quantities of surplus grain. During their conversations in Hong Kong last October and November they talked of buying 350 million bushels of US wheat every year for the next five years. They said they were so desperate that they would take any sort of wheat. Their immediate and urgent need was for six million tons to be delivered before June of this year and without which they could not hope to maintain a daily food intake of 1,500 calories, which is not much more than the subsistence level in the cities and countryside of north and east China.

In March of this year, the US Government refused to license the International Trading Corporation to export 10.5 million tons of American wheat and barley worth about $585 million to China and North Korea during the next three years. Officials have also been privately critical of Australian and Canadian sales to China.

The most plausible argument against the Australian and Canadian sales is that not to have sold would have forced China to rely even more than it does on the Soviet Union for food which the USSR is in no position to give, the idea being that this would help exacerbate the Sino-Soviet rift. The logical conclusion to this line of reasoning is that eventually China will either collapse, or we shall have to engage it in something more than a limited war. There is no basis for the first as-

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sumption. As for the second, we rejected it in 1950-51 when China was a much less significant military power than it is today and will be tomorrow when it develops its own nuclear capability. Does it really make sense to contemplate war with China, at least before we have explored other possibilities?

One such possibility is the sale – not the gift – of food. China does not seek charity; it could cut back on other foreign exchange outlays to support cash food purchases, though it would prefer buying on credit. The simple arithmetic of the China food problem is that Peking cannot grow in the predictable future all the food it needs for a population increasing at the rate of about 1.5 million each month. Even if its plans for fertilizer production are realized – and that seems unlikely at the moment – China will still have less than a quarter of its fertilizer requirements by 1967. However good its 1962 harvest prospects may appear in six or eight weeks, and however much additional grain China manages to buy this year from non-US sources, its quest for food is at least semi-permanent. The President could show that he recognizes this reality by taking the limited first step of removing US foodstuffs from the China trade embargo. If food were to be placed on general license, Washington could properly leave the first overture to Peking, which has so far restricted itself to informal feelers. Issuing a general license for private food sales would postpone the more far-reaching political reappraisal which both Washington and Peking would need to make if food were to be made available, by grants or credits, under the PL 480 surplus program. It would test whether Peking is, in fact, ready to consider opening the door, even slightly.

Strictly Business?

Doubtless, some of any food purchased from US sources would go to pay China's debts within the bloc. More than a fair share would probably find its way to the security forces. But once American grain in substantial quantities started flowing into China, and irrespective of who ate it, the Peking regime would find itself, even against its own inclinations, more and more dependent on the United States. It is difficult to insult business associates and at the same time to carry on normal trade.

We do not suggest that Mao can be caught like a miffed lover on the rebound and taken easily to bed; only that, in President Kennedy's words, "where nature makes natural allies of us all, we can demonstrate that beneficial relations are possible even with those with whom we must deeply disagree, and that this must someday be the basis of world peace and world law."

The advance from a trading relationship to a political relationship would be slow, but not impossible.

FOOTNOTES *to the* WEEK

IF BRITAIN joins the Common Market on terms that make the EEC seek self-sufficiency in wheat, Canadian wheat growers may turn even more to China as a substitute for the British market. Wheat sales to China have been so satisfactory the Minister of Agriculture wants farmers to grow more. —— CUBAN UNDERGROUND *forces are regrouping. Manuel "Manolo" Ray, former leader of the Peoples Revolutionary Movement (MRP) who has been serving as an adviser to Puerto Rican Governor Luis Munoz Marin, has received an SOS from Havana contacts. Ray has been asked to represent the underground in Latin America and the US as MRP "Chief in Exile" now that the Cuban Revolutionary Council formed at the time of the US-directed invasion last year has virtually dissolved. Related efforts are underway to organize scattered military professionals among the Cuban refugees with an eye to long-term guerrilla operations on the island.* —— THE MEDICAL SOCIETY of North Carolina has urged doctors to solicit letters opposing the President's health care bill from their druggist, dentist, insurance man and drug salesman. Watch Kennedy's Madison Square Garden TV talk, they were also told, "and be prepared to pick flaws and note them to your friends and Congressmen the *next day* to offset his induced sentiment from your own oldsters." Medicare mail to the House Ways and Means Committee is still running about 50/50. —— URBAN LEAGUE *officials in Washington to learn how the Administration plans to enforce its anti-discrimination programs left cautiously satisfied: "One reason this Administration looks so good is because the situation was so bad."* —— BILLIE SOL ESTES' chain of enterprises showered gifts of clothing on others than government employees. William Briner, credit manager for the CIT Corporation in Texas, took two suits of clothes from the president of the company that made Billie Sol's non-existent fertilizer tanks; and now Briner's corporation is trying to get back $5 million that Estes took from it. But Briner hasn't been fired. "We decided to let him off with a reprimand and allow him to return to his post," said a higher CIT official. —— NEW ORLEANS' *only two dailies relegated news of the "Freedom-Bus-North" drive which originated in their city to inside pages. But local station WDSU, despite sharp audience protest, broadcast repeated editorials opposing not only the Freedom Buses but the Citizens Councils.* —— THE MILITARY "MUZZLING" hearings are petering out. Senator Stennis plans to bring it to a quiet end any day now. The investigation was successful in one respect: it discredited charges of extremism lodged against the State and Defense Department "censors."

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There was a time when Mao felt as keenly about China's title to Outer Mongolia as he feels today about Taiwan. If the sovereign states of Outer Mongolia can be accepted, however reluctantly, by China, why not Taiwan, stripped of its identity as a second "China?" There are a hundred reasons why Peking would not entertain this now. But its quarrel with Taiwan is much less with Chiang Kai-shek than it is with the United States, and the waters around the off-shore islands are full of the crocodile tears of gunners firing on Quemoy in sorrow rather than anger. Reduce tensions between the US and China and Peking will be harder put to find an excuse for its Taiwan "liberation" campaign.

It would be foolish to pretend that a trading relationship with Peking can be easily arranged. This is a highly sensitive subject on both sides. The Administration, though it is willing to help if asked, is not eager to risk a rejection or to become involved, at least not until after the fall elections, in an acrimonious political debate at home. But unfortunately, opportunity does sometime only knock once. If Washington waits for a formal invitation from Peking, this may never come; and if it extends an invitation publicly, this probably will be rejected. But diplomacy need not be so blunt. There are instruments at hand – allies who recognize Peking, the International Red Cross, the UN Secretariat – for initiating discreet and delicate inquiries.

Such initiatives do not imply that our government, or its allies, would or should lower their guard. Peking believes it is backing a historical winner with its "wars of national liberation." That belief can be proved wrong and Peking led to understand that an expansionist policy will continue to be resisted by economic, social, political and, where necessary, military means. Granted that, the first serious effort to break through the prejudices and passions of the bamboo curtain could be made now. Circumstances were never more favorable and are not likely to be so favorable again.

Marine Encampment

Thailand and Laos share a meandering border of 1,100 miles which follows, except in the extreme north, the channel of the Mekong River. The further into northeast Thailand you go, the stronger becomes the racial mixture. The river nourishes the rice economy, and the peoples settled on either bank are indistinguishable in almost all respects other than legal nationality. They are all known as Lao, speak the same language, wear the same clothes, and worship at the same shrines.

In 1961, Bangkok arrested 350 suspects in these northeastern provinces who were alleged to have tried to start a guerrilla-style revolutionary war. A quantity of small arms was seized. It was said that the insurrectionists hoped to separate the 15 provinces of the northeast shoulder of Thailand and attach them to a "Liberated" Greater Laos. There is no doubt that if Laos or even a substantial part of it along the Thai border were to come under Communist control, Thailand's northeast provinces would become highly insecure. At present, the 20,000-odd Vietnamese refugees in the area are believed to include a politically active minority with ties to the Communist-led Pathet Lao across the river. Trouble, however, is likely to be years rather than months in the making, and the US has an opportunity it did not have in Laos and South Vietnam to help shore up the region's economic and political defenses.

Northeast Thailand is a depressed area. It is arid, overpopulated, neglected. In recent years, the government in Bangkok as well as governments of nations from which Thailand has received, or hopes to receive aid (not only the US but West Germany, Australia, New Zealand, and Israel) have given considerable attention to the area's development needs. Bangkok expects contributions of $178 million in US, World Bank and other Western credits to its $300 million, four-year "crash" program. But the task of developing this neglected region – one third of Thailand and comparable in size to the state of Georgia – requires not only massive irrigation schemes such as the proposed four-nation Mekong River development project, but also a radical shift in the way of life of the largely illiterate peasants among whom 5,000 United States servicemen are now encamped.

Norway and the Six

Like the British, the Norwegians are of two minds about the Common Market. Norwegian farmers and fishermen are afraid of competition from the Six, while shipping, timber and other export interests seek it. Norwegian Nationalists shy away from closer ties with Europe, and in this they are joined, strangely, by the more militant Socialists, who argue that the Common Market is a capitalist club. Professor Ragnar Frisch, one of the principal architects of the Norwegian Welfare State, argues for example that while the EEC looks economically attractive today, it will in the long run be a brake on Norway's economic development because *laissez-faire* bureaucrats in Brussels will prevent the development of a planned economy in Norway. Norway's incumbent Labor Government answers that Brussels will not dictate to Oslo, and that in any case local Socialist ingenuity cannot possibly do as much for Norway's economic development as would full participation in a wider, European trading area.

The controversy has become entwined with an apparently growing popular revolt against NATO nu-

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clear policy. The Labor Party, which has governed since 1945, has never shared the neutralist outlook of its Swedish counterpart. Yet its annual party convention has categorically rejected the use of nuclear weapons to defend Norway. When the government sought last year to water down this obligation, a committee of leading citizens collected 225,000 signatures opposing compromise, and the government backed down. Meanwhile an anti-NATO faction within the Labor Party had split off to form the Socialist People's Party, which to many people's surprise got two seats in last year's national election, and is likely to do better in the future.

Opponents of the Common Market, having studied opinion polls which show their popular support increasing, now demand a referendum. Assuming that the Norwegian Government reaches a tentative agreement with the Six, some kind of ballot is probable. Such a referendum will, however, almost certainly bring to the surface deep divisions within most Norwegian political parties, and may mean the end of Labor's 17 year hegemony.

Flight from Egypt

On May 21, President Gamal Abdel Nasser opened his first National Congress of Popular Forces, at which 1,750 delegates chosen in nationwide elections assembled to receive the leader's new program of "Arab Socialism" and "social justice." At the same time, on the north side of the Eastern Mediterranean, the Greek parliament convened in Athens to consider a disturbing aspect of Nasser's politics – his treatment of Greeks.

Nasser has tried not only to "socialize" his country, but also "Egyptianize" it, which has meant getting rid of foreigners. The largest as well as the oldest ethnic group in Egypt is Greek, Alexandria having been founded by the ancient Hellenes and today's Hellenic community, which until recently numbered well over 200,000, having been established 150 years ago. In the 19th Century Egypt was what America later became, "the land of opportunity" for emigrating Greeks. There was, however, an important difference: the Greeks in Egypt retained their original nationality and passports, even though they and their parents had been born in Egypt. They were "Egyptiotans" – not Egyptians.

The measures introduced by the Nasser Government for the advancement of the Egyptian economy have an especially ironic aspect as applied to resident Greeks, for only Greece among the NATO countries (with the exception of West Germany) has not recognized Israel – this despite the very close relations that have existed between Greeks and Jews; Greece's reluctance to extend *de jure* recognition is attributable to her desire to protect the large Greek community in Egypt. Moreover, the excellent relations between Greece and Egypt, enduring since antiquity, were strengthened during the Suez Canal crisis of 1956, for alone among the Europeans the Greeks stayed in Egypt to operate the Suez Canal and help Nasser in his difficult hours.

Yet the Greeks must go. 50,000 of them have been repatriated to Greece within the last two years; another 2,000 have come to the US. The "Egyptiotans" are among the newest of our 20th Century refugees.

Canadian Vacation

Saskatchewan's first venture into publicly financed medicine was the 1947 Universal Compulsory Hospitalization Plan providing hospital insurance for all residents of the province. The Plan is financed by a two percent sales tax, plus compulsory premiums of $24 per individual or $48 per family. The Saskatchewan Plan was emulated by the other provinces, and all of Canada now has compulsory hospital insurance.

The present battle in Saskatchewan over whether to extend public finance from hospitalization to doctors was the major issue in the 1960 Provincial elections. The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, then, ran on a platform promising universal, prepaid, government-administered medical insurance; it won the election, and it enacted the promised legislation last year.

Saskatchewan doctors have, however, refused to acknowledge the new law or to cooperate with the Medical Care Insurance Commission which is supposed to administer it. As a result, implementation of the plan has been postponed from April 1 to July 1. Not by coincidence, many Saskatchewan doctors are planning to take vacations on that date; others are threatening to close their offices and are advising expectant mothers to seek help elsewhere. Only a few have said they will do business as usual. The Insurance Commission is, in turn, preparing to import "scab labor" from England if a serious shortage of medical services develops.

Contempt of Congress

The Supreme Court has just reversed six contempt of Congress convictions, two for failure to answer questions put by the House Un-American Activities Committee, and four for the same transgression committed against Mr. Eastland's Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The cases were as malodorous as any the Court has been burdened with. A number were part of an investigation of *The New York Times*, of all subversive things, and one was an unmitigated instance of mistaken identity. The Court's way out was to hold that indictments in such cases must specifically recite

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the subject under inquiry, to which the question that the witness failed to answer was pertinent.

The decision exhibits the distaste of a majority of the Court for the proceedings giving rise to these cases. It is analogous to idiosyncratic procedural rules that the Court has sometimes used in particularly brutal deportation cases, and to the device employed earlier this term to void a sit-in conviction in the *Garner* case.

Though Constitutional rulings defining the power of government must be based on something sounder and more enduring than a judge's distaste or admiration for this or that exercise of Congressional power to investigate, the Court is not confined to constitutional adjudication. Mr. Justice Clark, dissenting last week, complained that since 1957, the Court has found one nonconstitutional way or another to upset 10 convictions for contempt of Congress. The pity is that any were affirmed, for none needed to be.

TED KENNEDY AND MASSACHUSETTS PATRONAGE

"Jack Was Asking About You"

Boston

Win or lose, Ted Kennedy from now on will be in charge of patronage for the Kennedy Administration in Massachusetts. That word is being quietly spread among delegates to the state Democratic convention which meets at Springfield June 7, to decide whether the 30-year-old younger brother of the President or Attorney General Edward J. McCormack is to get the party endorsement for United States Senator.

McCormack, whose delegates have been slipping away from him in the past two weeks, has declared that the Administration has used "pressure" to win votes for Ted. The veracity of the charge depends on the definition of the word "pressure."

If a carrot is dangled in front of a hungry horse, is that pressure? If it is, there has been pressure on delegates in Massachusetts.

"Teddy has a gloved hand and a mailed fist," one McCormack man said bitterly. "If you don't shake the hand, brother, watch out for the fist."

Young Kennedy, on a campaign tour of an eastern city, solicited the active support of a local politician. "I want you to go along with me," he said in effect. "I want you to travel with me and be seen with me. You're a big man here and I need your help.

The politician, not quite overwhelmed by this flattery, declined on grounds that he had business of his own to attend to. Kennedy called him back for one last word. "All right," Kennedy said. "But remember: win or lose, I'm handling the patronage in Massachusetts."

The patronage is being handled quite cleverly. There are, at this writing, 15 vacant postmasterships in Massachusetts. For every vacancy, there must be at least six convention delegates who either want the job or have a friend who wants the job. Not one of the vacancies will be filled until after the convention. Not one will go a delegate who votes for McCormack, or to a friend of a delegate who votes for McCormack.

Gardner, a city in Central Massachusetts, has not had a postmaster since the start of the Kennedy Administration; the job has been open, indeed, since 1959. One of the aspirants for the job is State Rep. Martin H. Walsh, who is also a delegate to the convention.

"They put no pressure on me," Walsh said of Ted Kennedy's friends. "They made me no promises, either. They just said I might be considered, if things work out right. So where do I go from there?" Walsh is pledged to Kennedy.

In North Adams, where there is another postmastership open, the second man on the Civil Service qualification list is Lawrence J. Belisle. Local politicians say the job will eventually go to the top man on the list, Charles E. Lawrence, a friend of Sen. Benjamin A. Smith, III. But Lawrence may have to wait until after the convention, for Belisle is a delegate.

John M. Lynch, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, which has no visible function except to promote the political fortunes of the Kennedys, a month ago pointedly reminded the Adams Democratic Town Committee that there would be a postmastership open in that community on or about July 31. Lynch invited the town committee to endorse someone for the position. Then, Lynch said, he would forward the committee's recommendation to Washington "for consideration."

The town committee, as Lynch well knew, also elects delegates to the convention.

Ever since 1952, when John F. Kennedy first ran for the Senate, the Kennedy organization has been compiling a book on the background, personality and talents of every Democratic politician of any prominence

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throughout the state. This year, delegates have been asked where they work, what their business is, what their club affiliations are – but only, apparently, to bring the prodigious book up to date.

The Massachusetts Kennedy organization, reinforced by talent from Washington, is functioning with its usual efficiency. William T. Hartigan of Revere has left his post as Assistant Postmaster General to work on the campaign. Milton Gwirtzman, Senator Smith's administrative assistant, is working full-time at the Ted Kennedy headquarters. Warren O'Donnell, brother of Kenneth O'Donnell, the President's aide, is campaigning for Ted in the Worcester area. It is impossible to believe that these men took on these assignments without the President's approval.

To the campaign strategy this year has been added a new ingredient – the biggest line of blarney this Irish-dominated state has ever heard.

Ted, who insists he is "running on my own," nevertheless refers to his oldest brother constantly in both public and private talks. He is fond of telling humorous anecdotes about "my brother Jack" and "my brother the President," and in conversations with delegates seldom lets them forget whose brother he is. He has charmed many a delegate by saying, abruptly and earnestly, "You know, Jack was asking about you just the other day." The notion of the President of the United States worrying about an obscure politician from Dedham or Watertown is one they do not quite accept, but they like to hear about it just the same.

To a woman legislator, previously cold to him, Ted remarked: "You know, Mary, down in Washington they all say: when you want to know something about southeastern Massachusetts, just ask Mary." She left with stars in her eyes.

One legislator, returning from a conference with Ted, gave this summary: "Teddy's been an Assistant District Attorney for a year or so. He's completely unqualified and inexperienced. He's an arrogant member of an arrogant family." The legislator grinned. "And I'm going to be with him."

Not all the Kennedy delegates are with Ted because they fear reprisals, or hope for favors, from the White House. Many sincerely believe that the Democratic Party in Massachusetts needs a new candidate, a clean face unsmirched by any of the scandals of the past few years. McCormack, though he has been involved in none of the corruption and has prosecuted many of the wrong doers, still suffers from the mere fact that he has been in office while the scandals were being revealed.

The sad fact, for both these young men, about the Springfield convention is that it is meaningless. The winner at the convention, under the strange and wonderful Massachusetts system, will still have to run in the September primary. The loser at the convention can still run in September, and either McCormack or Kennedy is expected to do so if he loses.

Perhaps it is just as well, for the convention delegates are not elected by the voters. The delegates are chosen by the town and city ward committee members, who were elected by the voters – two years ago.

PAUL DRISCOLL

Mr. Driscoll is State House correspondent and political columnist for The Worcester *(Mass.)* Telegram and Gazette.

$ $ $ $ $ Across the Potomac

It would be an unhappy irony if John F. Kennedy, who cares more and is doing more for conservation than most of his predecessors in office, should be remembered around Washington as the President whose in-laws started the destruction of the Potomac River Valley.

The in-laws are Jacqueline Kennedy's mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss. They live on a 46-acre estate, Merrywood, on the Virginia side of the Potomac less than a mile northwest of Washington. Jacqueline rode horseback in Merrywood's majestic woods and meadows as a girl, and she has continued to do so since moving to the White House.

If Mr. Auchincloss and some other parties have their way, concrete will soon cover Merrywood's riding trails. He has sold an option on the property to a syndicate which proposes to build on its hills three tower apartment buildings, 17 stories tall and massive in shape, holding altogether 1,000 families.

The transaction would bring no tears to anyone's eyes if nothing more were involved than a place for the rich to ride horses. But in fact the Merrywood apartment proposal has provoked violent local controversy and has drawn attention from the national press and television. The reason is that the proposal threatens the beauty of a river valley which now provides a unique setting for the Nation's Capital.

For many miles north and west of downtown Wash-

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ington the Potomac flows through palisades whose natural cliffs and greenery remain largely unspoiled. The George Washington Memorial Parkway, one of the most beautifully landscaped roads in the country, runs along part of the Virginia side. On the opposite bank, in the District and Maryland, is the historic Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The two suburban Virginia counties, Arlington and Fairfax, and the District of Columbia and Maryland on the other side, have zoned the riverfront land up river from Georgetown for single-family houses on large lots. There are no tall apartment buildings.

At Chain Bridge, the northernmost crossing in the Washington area, the Potomac goes through a spectacular rocky gorge where fishermen perch on rocks in the spring to scoop up herring fighting their way up-river to spawn. The Merrywood apartments would overlook the gorge.

The apartment houses would be taller than the Capitol Building, taller than anything for miles along the Potomac. Numerous planners and conservationists, official and private, have expressed horror at what the construction would do to the river setting. But the concern goes beyond these particular proposed towers to what is felt will inevitably follow them – a general breakdown of existing zoning and the lining of the Potomac with apartment houses.

"The start of a regime of apartments along the Potomac Palisades is the beginning of doomsday for the Potomac," Justice William O. Douglas said. There were similar comments from the National Capital Planning Commission, a federal agency, and from a significant private group, the Committee of 100 on the Federal City, which said: "To preserve the Potomac Gorge, one of the most splendid natural areas adjoining any capital in the world, it is essential that the area above Key Bridge [to Georgetown and northwest Washington] be preserved in park land and low-density uses."

Why, in the face of such opposition, is the Merrywood apartment project going forward? The answer is the expected one: Money.

Mr. Auchincloss stands to make upward of $600,000 on his property. (He has said that the apartments "don't appeal much to my esthetic sense, but that's the developers' business.") The apartment-builders should make a fortune. Just who they are is something of a mystery. A builder named Sheldon Magazine signed the option, but unnamed others appear to be involved, perhaps including local Virginia officials. The sheriff of Fairfax County, Va., one John E. Taylor, turns out to have acted as real estate agent in the deal. Why any agent was needed is not clear, since a lawyer with local political connections, Lytton H. Gibson, represented both Auchincloss and Magazine at various times. The Merrywood property, zoned for homes on one-acre lots, was rezoned for apartments by the Fairfax County Supervisors on the motion of a supervisor who ran for office two years ago on a platform of opposing all apartments in the area and had assured his constituents up to the moment of his motion that he opposed the rezoning. This gentleman then filed an application for rezoning of his own nearby property.

The question now is whether the interest of the whole Washington area, and of the country, in preserving the Potomac Palisades can prevail over squalid local politics and real estate interests. The hope for a solution lies with the federal government – with the Administration and Congress.

There is every reason to believe that the President and his brother Robert, who lives not far from Merrywood, are unhappy about the Auchincloss project. But they have said nothing, doubtless because of the family connection. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall has a home even closer to Merrywood than the Attorney General. He has publicly criticized the apartment project, remarking that "since the time of our first President we as a nation have recognized the Potomac Palisades as a great scenic resource." But since then he has treated the issue gingerly, perhaps feeling that his personal interest could embarrass him.

It may make things even more awkward for the Administration that the Republican Congressman from Northern Virginia, Joel T. Broyhill, has now introduced legislation to let the Interior Department acquire any land along the Potomac near Washington that is threatened with development destructive of esthetic values. In the long run a conservation-minded Administration may find it the least of embarrassments to work effectively against a project that would be a monument to insensitivity and greed.

ANTHONY LEWIS

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How Socialized Medicine Works

by Almont Lindsey

"In Great Britain . . . after 14 years of 'socialized medicine', many people now call it a 'mess'. Large numbers of young British physicians are emigrating to other lands. They see no future in Britain because of low incomes, overwork and lack of opportunities to specialize."
DAVID LAWRENCE, May 22, 1962

In reviewing the full sweep of the National Health Service, one can only marvel at the way the Beveridge Report of 1942 has become an impressive reality. The test of the first 12 years has not shaken the program, but has instead left it strengthened, causing it to send down deeper roots. As one observer put it: "The Health Service was not a money-consuming service; it was a wealth-producing service."

The health program is available to everybody without qualifications, and all but a very tiny part of the population share in the benefits. Like education, medical care is viewed as one of the necessities of life that should be the responsibility of the government. The program is financed by taxes except for the five percent from charges, the five percent from superannuation contributions paid by Health Service personnel, and the 14 percent from weekly Health Service insurance contributions paid by the active members of the population. This was the picture in 1960.

The cost has been surprisingly low considering what the people receive. Including all sources of revenue (charges, insurance payments, local rates and Exchequer funds), the total gross cost per capita in that year was in the neighborhood of £16 ($45) a year, or 11d (12½ cents) a day. This outlay bought such benefits as full dental, hospital and medical practitioner care, as well as all necessary drugs, appliances and spectacles. The amazing thing is that the cost of medical care in England under the Health Service at no time has been more than four percent of the national income. Many other nations spend a larger proportion. Among them is the United States, which in 1959 expended a total of 4.5 percent of her national income on medical care.

There are many reasons why the British take pride in the Health Service, but perhaps the one that stands out most graphically is the steadily improving health of the nation. While other factors have contributed to this situation, the health program, it is felt, deserves a good share of the credit. The picture in 1959 had never been better. In that year the infant mortality rate had fallen to 22.2 per 1,000 live births, and the maternal mortality rate to 0.32 per 1,000 births – lower than at any previous time. Only in the Netherlands was infant mortality less, but no nation had a smaller rate of mortality for children between one and 14 years of age than England and Wales. In that year, for the first time, no one died from diptheria, and deaths from such diseases as acute poliomyelitis, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, whooping cough, syphilis and acute rheumatism were the lowest ever recorded.

That the Health Service has won its way into the hearts of the British people was demonstrated in every poll taken. The Ross Survey of 1952 found only five percent opposed to it . . . The Social Surveys in 1956 reported that 90 percent of the people gave the National Health Service a favorable rating. Seven percent were undecided and only three percent voted negatively. . . .

More than a third of a century separated the establishment of National Health Insurance and the foundation of the National Health Service. Adopted in the face of opposition from the medical profession, the earlier program provided free drugs and the care of a physician to workers, but not to members of their families. There was no provision for hospitalization or the services of a specialist. At least one-half of the population, including all of the middle class, was entirely excluded. The medical needs of many people were neglected. For some, especially the aged sick, the only recourse was charity. But charity was lamentably inadequate because of financially starved hospitals, underpaid doctors, a chaotic ambulance service, and a distressing lack of nurses, dentists and specialists. Voluntary non-profit contributing schemes did little to solve

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ALMONT LINDSEY, *professor of history at the University of Virginia, studied the National Health Service for eight years, spending six months in England observing the Service in operation and interviewing British doctors, Health Service administrators, government officials and ordinary citizens. The result,* Socialized Medicine in England and Wales, *is a 561 page monograph published this week by the University of North Carolina Press ($8.50), from which this article is taken.*

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the financial crisis from which the hospitals were unable to escape. In 1942, the Beveridge Report expressed strong support of a comprehensive medical scheme for everybody – to be financed mostly by Exchequer funds. . . . Four years later Parliament enacted the National Health Service Act.

Unprepared for such a sweeping program, the British Medical Association opposed it. But, as in 1912, the Association, after a show of force, bowed to the popular will. The Ministry of Health made some concessions and gave certain assurances which made the scheme more palatable to many doctors. The Ministry agreed that there would be no whole-time salaried service for general practitioners. The physicians would continue to enjoy complete clinical freedom and would have the right to choose their patients and practice wherever they wished, except in over-doctored areas. . . .

Through financial inducements and the use of negative direction, the government has been able greatly to improve the distribution of physicians. In 1952, the number of people residing in under-doctored areas represented more than one-half of the population; six years later, it was less than one-fifth. This improved distribution of doctors was accomplished without coercion and without restriction upon general freedom of movement.

The allegation that the National Health Service has suffered from the influence of party politics has not been taken seriously by any responsible report on the workings of the program. Precisely what hostile critics mean by "the intrusion of party politics into medicine" has never been clearly defined, but they could not have had in mind clinical freedom or the right of the doctor to practice his skill as he wishes. These remain untouched by politics. As part of a great system supervised and financed by the government, the physician must, of course, submit to certain regulation. His own profession has helped to make them, however, and that he must obey them does not mean he is subservient to politicians or that his professional freedom is in jeopardy. The fact that an American specialist entertained such a distorted conception of the status of the British medical practitioner caused a member of the House of Commons to make the statement in 1958:

"During my visit to the United States I was flabbergasted at the appalling ignorance about our National Health Service revealed in circles where one would not expect to find it. . . . I met a consultant, attached to a large city hospital and a large medical school in a university, who believed that all the doctors in this country are directed by Whitehall, exactly like soldiers in the Army. He had other strange ideas about our Health Service and it gave me great pleasure to disabuse the mind of this eminent medical gentleman of them. A useful service would be performed by our Foreign Office, or the Ministry of Health, or by both acting together, if they did something to inform American people about what our Service is, what it does, and what we wish it to do in the future."

Although entrance into general medical practice is not easy, the situation has improved through Initial Practice Allowances and a special "loading" arrangement in remuneration that encourages the establishment of partnerships. The great majority of those entering practice do so as partners. The medical schools have overflowed with students, many of whom are the sons of doctors, and each year has witnessed a healthy growth in the number of physicians. The trainee general practitioner scheme makes the transition into medical practice easier for hundreds of inexperienced doctors. . . . Yet the general picture is one of greater opportunity for physicians to practice their skill – and under conditions immeasurably better than England has ever known before. The very small proportion of emigrating doctors suggests that the Health Service offers advantages that make medical practice in England especially attractive. . . .

The doctors have attained a large measure of financial security, which includes a generous pension. Compared with their economic status before World War II, they have done significantly better under the Health Service. They are one of the most highly paid groups in England. When their position has shown evidence of slipping, as it did in the early years of the Service and again in 1956, they pressed for an increase, and after a struggle won substantially what they demanded.

There is no very accurate way to measure the effects which the Health Service has had upon the doctor-patient relationship. The very vagueness of the term makes for confused thinking, since it means so many different things to people. To one person, bedside manners and leisurely treatment are the main criteria for judging the doctor-patient relationship; to another, the test is effective treatment without any frills. If the former is accepted as the standard, then it can be argued that there has been some deterioration under the Health Service, since the physician's approach by necessity has become more utilitarian. He is not likely to give as much time to a Health Service patient as he would to a private one who is willing to pay for a prolonged consultation. But the quality and adequacy of the treatment have not suffered under the health program, nor has there been any decline in the doctor's professional or even friendly interest in his patients. Indeed, the practitioner, who can now offer so much more in the way of complete medical treatment, is able to put his relationship with the patient upon a more enduring foundation.

The physician is far more effective clinically because he can minister to all patients, irrespective of their

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economic status, and he can give them whatever treatment is required. No longer does he ask himself, as he once did, whether a patient can afford to go to the hospital or purchase certain very expensive but vital drugs. No longer does he hesitate to visit a patient for fear his visit may be interpreted as an excuse to collect an additional fee. Under the Health Service, need determines treatment and there is no means test.

"What the Health Service has done," proclaimed *The Times* (London), "is to ensure that the discoveries of the research laboratories and institutions of the world are made freely available to every citizen of these islands to an extent that was not possible under the pre-1948 system." And in Parliament, a member made this observation: "One of the things that the Health Service has done, and a very important thing it is, is to eliminate the fear of the economic consequences of serious or protracted illness, the fear of the doctor's bill. Anybody who goes across the Atlantic, as I did for a fairly brief period last autumn, can see very quickly what a real fear this is in Canada and the United States. The knowledge that a serious illness can run away with one's life savings, and probably put one into debt in no time at all, constitutes a neurosis in itself. That is something, thank heaven, that we have been able to eliminate here once and for all."

Animal Instinct and Pacifism

by Louis J. Halle

A knowledge of animal behavior may be a fertile source of insights into human behavior. This was demonstrated by Dr. Konrad Z. Lorenz, whose *King Solomon's Ring*, published a decade ago, owed its popularity to its account of how human the creatures of the wild sometimes are. The analogy, however, works both ways: to the extent that the behavior of the wild creatures is like ours, ours may be understood by comparing it with theirs.

In a recent issue of this journal ("Is War Obsolete," April 2, 1962) I referred to a typical example of fighting behavior among animals: when male rattlesnakes fight each other, although each has the power to kill the other with one bite they never bite. This illustrates the rule that, under natural conditions, vertebrates of the same species, although they fight regularly, never kill each other or do each other serious injury. While species that lack the weapons to do serious injury may fight all-out, those that have absolute weapons, like the rattlesnakes, confine their fighting within ritualistic limits. In a species with deadly weapons, where the loser does not have the means to save himself by escape, the winner will be inhibited from crippling or killing him. If this were not the case, presumably rattlesnakes, wolves and others would long ago have made themselves extinct.

I noted that, while we men have no such instinctive rituals of behavior as prevent the absolute weapons of the animals from becoming instruments of self-extermination, our behavior in the brief period since we acquired such weapons has resembled that of the rattlesnakes. With an eye to the future of mankind, I suggested that, "while all-out conflict may be consonant with limited weapons, absolute weapons require that conflict be limited."

I now find that, as might have been expected, Dr. Lorenz was beforehand in making the point, having made it as long ago as 1935 in a Viennese journal, in association with a prediction that a day would come "when two warring factions will be faced with the possibility of each wiping the other out completely." The point is made again in the last chapter of *King Solomon's Ring*, entitled "Morals and Weapons."

What I want to do here is to explore, however speculatively, some further possibilities of reasoning from such analogies in animal behavior.

One way in which damage is avoided, in combats of species possessing deadly weapons, is that a timely act of submission by the loser inhibits the winner from continuing his efforts to injure him. When one party to a fight between two dogs has had enough, he puts himself at the mercy of the other by presenting his exposed throat, and the instantaneous effect is to inhibit the other from further attack. So the fight ends with the establishment of the loser's subordination and the winner's dominance. Similarly, a small puppy threatened by a large dog will roll over on his back, paws in air, putting himself at the big dog's mercy in an act of submission that inhibits the big dog from taking advantage of it.

Among men, something very like the same inhibition is represented by the repugnance for hitting a man

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when he is down. The ritualistic act of submission is also known among men: the defeated knight kneels with bowed head, thereby exposing his neck, and begs his opponent's mercy; whereupon the victor feels a sudden inhibition on continuing the assault. Dr. Lorenz suggests the possibility that the gentlemanly custom of removing one's hat and bowing has roots in human behavior related to the canine custom of rolling over on one's back. In a particularly brilliant insight, he then interprets Christ's admonition, that the man who receives a blow on one cheek should present the other, as advocating a move designed not to elicit but to forestall a second blow.

English Pacifism

This is sound psychology. The same sound psychology is exemplified by many pacifist or quasi-pacifist groups, notably the advocates of unilateral disarmament who have been so prominent of recent years on the English scene. They see their small country engaged in a conflict with the big Soviet Union. The conflict is still in the preliminary stage at which two dogs confront each other stiff-legged, bristling and growling and baring their teeth, not yet having leaped at each other's throats. England is plainly the smaller dog, and as such its cue is to make the puppy's act of submission before the Russian leaps – to give up its defenses, to show itself helpless. For, if the Russian should leap, England would be killed almost instantly; but the Russian will be inhibited from leaping if England rolls over on its back. This is what the unilateral disarmers in England are advocating, and within limits that I am about to question it is surely a rational advocacy, however painful its realization might be to those who have been brought up on old and perhaps obsolete ideals of national honor and glory.

If the choice is between this kind of submission and a direct Russian attack, then the English ought, in my opinion, to make the act of submission. It is entirely plausible, moreover, that the display of English helplessness would remove any temptation Russia might otherwise have to attack.

Essentially the same argument was made by signers of the Oxford Peace Pledge in the 1930's, and by other pacifists of the time, who said that Hitler would not attack an England that did not provoke him by rearming. In the case of Hitler, who was a pathological specimen of humanity (comparable to a dog with rabies), I would be less sure than in the case of the Russian leaders today, but the principle and the psychology involved seem to me sound. I accept the argument in itself. The only trouble is that the present situation is not as simple as that of the big dog and the little dog confronting each other.

So far I have referred to the argument of the unilateral disarmers in England, rather than to the same argument as advanced by a few Americans in favor of a similar course by the United States. In nature, it is only when the relative weakness of one party to a conflict is evident that it properly makes the act of submission. Where the parties are of essentially equal strength, where the decisive advantage of one is not established, and especially where each remains able to kill the other with one stroke, the reliance tends to be on the mutual deterrence that has saved the rattlesnakes from extinction. By contrast with England's position, such equality exists between the US and the Soviet Union today.

The real position of England today, however, is that of one among two packs of small dogs that confront each other under the respective leadership of two equally big dogs. For England, by itself, to undertake to outface Russia, the leader of the opposing pack, would be suicidal and therefore irrational. But England is not by itself. It is part of a balance of power between two sides, each of which could kill the other with a single assault, each of which therefore deters the other from assaulting.

Given this equality and the mutual deterrence that accompanies it, the argument for what the Western pack should do hinges on two questions: (1) the amount of confidence it can have in the future of deterrence, and (2) the implications of the alternative to deterrence, which is submission.

The first question is plainly a matter of speculative opinion, since anything approaching adequate experience in the human possession of absolute weapons is wanting. I do not, myself, share the alarmist view that the present situation of mutual deterrence is bound to eventuate in a devastating nuclear war. On the contrary, the possibility that such a war may be indefinitely averted by deterrence seems to me plausible. It also seems to me entirely possible, however, that deterrence will culminate in such a war. I therefore view our present reliance on deterrence as highly dangerous, and the only question is whether the alternative is less so.

We should note that the proposed act of submission is essentially irrevocable. Although the consequences should prove unexpectedly onerous to those who submitted, it would be too late for them to change their minds without incurring the danger they had sought to avoid. Whatever the consequences, then, the act would have to be accepted without limit; and it would have to be accepted by everyone, perhaps by every nation in the world, since the objective is to avert a nuclear war that starts anywhere.

Let us suppose that the United States, adopting the policy of unilateral disarmament, does away with its Army, its Navy and its Air Force. The other NATO countries might as well do likewise, since Russia could

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easily destroy their forces before they could be brought into action.

What now? Does Moscow proceed to take over Europe? Does it send the Red Army parading to the English Channel? Does it take possession of the British Isles, and then of the American continents?

Surely not! I suppose that what it would do, first of all, would be to reduce the burden that its own armed establishment represents for it, to match our total disarmament by a considerable if partial disarmament of its own. Doubtless it would also proceed to certain limited "rectifications" that it had previously been deterred from undertaking. Thus the Berlin Wall would come down and the whole of Berlin would be peacefully incorporated in East Germany.

Perhaps this is all that would happen for the moment, but this much surely would happen.

Situations would constantly arise, however, that caused Moscow to concern itself with the behavior of the free countries which had now made themselves helpless before it. Suppose that the population of East Germany or of Hungary continues unruly, and suppose that its pacification is impeded by what Moscow considers the provocative exercise of freedom of speech by the West Germans (or the French or the British or the Americans) on their radio or in their press. I would expect the Russians to order the offending people to desist from broadcasting certain things considered offensive, or from printing them in their press. In that case, the recipients of the order could decide whether to obey it forthwith or to await action for its enforcement. Either way, a succession of such episodes would result in progressive loss of the free world's liberties.

Would We Change Our Minds?

Can we believe that the free peoples (including us Americans) would accept such loss peaceably, having taken an irrevocable decision?

Suppose that Russia has difficulties with China, which has not performed the act of submission. Nuclear weapons might bring the Chinese to heel, but the fact is that the Chinese population and the Chinese economy are so little urbanized and developed as to be able to resist nuclear punishment. Ground forces, then, might be the thing, and Moscow has the man-power of the world to draw on in order to match the Chinese man-power. Will Washington obediently send American contingents to Russia for equipment, indoctrination and training?

Again: the Russians are hungry while we Americans eat well. Do we refuse to send the production of our farms to Russia on whatever terms of trade Moscow sees fit to dictate?

Suppose that Moscow is not satisfied with the performance of the government in Washington. It demands the appointment of a Communist as Secretary of State, and of another as Director of the FBI. Does the President obey?

The premise of our act of submission was that it was unconditional and unlimited. In fact, the accumulating consequences would surely provoke a change of mind at some point. All over the world we would see the rise of an increasingly desperate popular resistance, until the whole world had become Moscow's Algeria. Moscow might deal with the opposition by ruthless measures. It might even be tempted to make an example of one or several recalcitrant cities by blowing them off the earth with nuclear bombs. I see no reason to suppose that the Russians would be more merciful in such a situation than the Romans were when the Carthaginians, having performed the act of submission, were driven too late to change their minds. I certainly see no reason to suppose that they would be more merciful than we were in 1945, when the Japanese, although already helpless, were so unwise as to delay the performance of the act of submission.

No one could predict precisely what would happen in these hypothetical circumstances that I am imagining. What I would confidently expect, however, would be a rather rapid breakdown of the present international stability, a spreading chaos, and the proliferation of horror – not necessarily excepting the nuclear devastation that our act of submission had been intended to avert.

I conclude that the unilateral disarmers do their thinking in terms that are too simple when they pose the alternatives of an arms race that spells war or a retirement that spells peace. My own expectation is that the present arms race will come to an end gradually as the issues between the West and the Soviet Union become less, and as the mounting burden of the arms race on national resources is increasingly felt. The Cold War, as we have known it, already shows signs of abating. It may be that we are at the beginning of a period of increasing international stability. Mutual deterrence has been and continues to be an essential element in such stability. The house that today is shored up so dangerously by the great deterrent would surely collapse if it were suddenly removed.

The sound psychology of the nuclear disarmers applies to circumstances other than those that actually exist today. When they cry out that the present policy of deterrence must be abandoned forthwith because it is too dangerous, one is tempted to make the reply of Bruce Bairnsfather's Cockney cartoon-character in the First World War. The cartoon shows Old Bill sheltering from an enemy artillery attack in a shell-hole with a complaining companion, to whom he says, "Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

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Behold, Cinderella!

Whenever we discover anew what suckers we are we stand astonished, forgetting what suckers we always were. The episode of Billie Sol Estes, for instance, has been treated by a segment of the press as incredible, unique, out of this world, whereas it is really a third-rate version of an old and threadbare story. It goes back at least to 1720, when John Law's Mississippi Bubble burst, and has since been repeated by various characters many of them more spectacular than the Texan from Pecos County.

Within the memory of living men Boston's Ponzi enacted the same farce, but in gaudier and more brazen style; while Kreuger, the Swedish match king, put on the show in the grand manner of Law himself, skinning nations where Estes at most skinned only bankers, and finally crashing for hundreds of millions that make Billie Sol's liabilities look like pocket change.

In an earlier generation even Oakes Ames was a fancier operator. The purchase of politicians on the hoof is incidental to all such enterprises, but the most of which the Pecos Kid is accused is buying them by the head, while Ames bought them by the herd. Ames is supposed to have acquired the majority of the House of Representatives, including Speaker James G. Blaine, in one operation. Ames, moreover, was only the purchasing agent, not the directing genius of the Credit Mobilier; the Big Shots got away with the swag, and were never in danger of doing time in the penitentiary.

Perhaps the most interesting, although hardly the most significant feature of the Estes revival of this ancient burlesque, is its revelation of the decline in prices in the Washington livestock market. In Ames' day an ordinary Congressman came pretty high, and as late as the Administration of the martyred Harding a Cabinet member brought $100,000. But that was 40 years ago. In the Eisenhower Administration Goldfine seems to have been able to operate with vicuña coats, and in the Kennedy Administration Estes apparently never went above one Grand in cash, although the airplane he was accustomed to lend may have cost him more.

Probably this is related to the recent development of Washington as a luxury town, comparable to Cannes, or Acapulco, whose only important industry is the manufacture of public images. It is difficult to retain a sense of reality in an environment where the highest attainable success is success in putting up front. In the old days when Washington, like contemporary Canberra or Basilia, was essentially a place of exile, a vicuña coat could not possibly have been more of an asset than a vigorous intelligence; but on the stage of a lavishly-mounted extravaganza it may actually be so. Deplorable it may be, but in a luxury town a man's coat may take him further than his character.

But that cattle prices fluctuate has been common knowledge from time immemorial. More significant, and to a superficial observer more interesting, is Billie Sol Estes' demonstration that romance lurks in the hearts of our tycoons. If newspaper reports are correct, the people he really burnt were neither bureaucrats, nor the horny-handed sons of Texas soil, but the managers of lordly financial institutions, Wall Streeters, State Streeters and the like.

This, too, is nothing new. As hard-boiled a specimen as Andrew Carnegie is said to have been taken for a very considerable wad by a female soothsayer, and the breed of Cagliostro do not prey upon peasants. But it has been quite a while since we had so startling a revelation that belief in the reality of fairy godmothers and magic wands may survive in the human heart through long years of training rigorous enough to bring a man to a position of high authority in a big bank, trust company, or investment house.

Billie Sol proved it. True, his methods were adapted to modern times, but his lure was the same. He did not, like Paracelsus, invoke angelic, nor, like Casanova, diabolic assistance, and he never mentioned the alkahest nor probably ever heard of it. But he did propose by magic to avoid the long and arduous labor necessary to create real values, which was precisely the function of the Philosophers' Stone with which the alchemists proposed to transmute base metals into gold.

It is highly probable, furthermore, that he believed his own bunk, at least in part. Highly successful imposters nearly always do. His magic wand, of course, was no stick of any material substance. It was his own financial genius, in whose existence he probably had, and certainly induced in his victims, a faith as implicit as Cinderella's.

Bad business, yes, but not altogether depressing to contemplate. It is not a wholly materialistic world when there lingers even in Wall Street a belief in fairies, when even in State Street men can dream.

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Why Do They Get Away With It?

by Irving Brant

We have seen from the words and actions of the Radical Right that the "Communism" from which they are trying to save the country consists of the progressive income tax, the social and economic legislation of the New Deal and its successors, collective bargaining, the United Nations and foreign aid. On all these, the low-brow John Birch Society and the right-wing intelligentsia take substantially the same stand, and try to put it over by calling themselves "anti-Communists" and attacking liberal programs behind that combination of defensive shield and offensive insinuation.

But when Robert Welch, President of the John Birch Society, made himself ridiculous by calling former President Eisenhower a Communist, the principal organ of the right-wing intellectuals condemned him for failing to make the "crucial moral and political distinction." And that distinction is not between those who are "for" or "against" Communism, but between Liberals and Conservatives. The distinction was crucial, the *National Review* told Mr. Welch, because "winning the war against Communism" (*i.e.*, getting rid of the income tax and the New Deal) required "the winning of a national election, the re-education of the governing classes." This is not Republican partisanship, for to such strategists of ultra-conservatism, the Republican Party, insofar as it is represented by the views of Nelson Rockefeller or Senator Case of New Jersey, is lending itself to the destruction of the beloved Republic. Mr. Welch had ignorantly tossed a monkey wrench into the works. He became to the power-seeking right-wing what the Communists were to some Liberals in the 30's – a typhoid Mary. He endangered the master strategy of the Radical Right, which is to make plausible the theme that Liberalism equals "softness" to Communism.

The *National Review*, which might be called the war college of the right-wing army, devotes far more space to American foreign policy than to domestic affairs, but the overseas deployment is purely tactical. The strategy is domestic and the target of the verbal artillery is American Liberalism. It is to be discredited and destroyed, along with its social and economic legislation, by making it responsible for Communist successes in Asia and Europe, and by tagging its domestic legislation as Communistic. That was set forth almost in so many words in the issue of February 27, 1962:

"The incapacity of the Liberal mind to understand Communism in its full horror is the essential tragic cause of the devastating retreat of the United States and the West before Communism. . . . The Liberal commitment to collectivism and social engineering, to the priority of 'society' and the state over the freedom of the person, leads to a feeling deep down that, after all, however deplorable their means, however frightful their *Schrecklichkeit*, the Communists are black-sheep brothers under the skin. As appeasement develops naturally out of the Liberal assumptions, anti-Communism develops naturally out of the principles of Conservatism."

To document this remarkable discovery, the *National Review* lists the things that Liberalism, possessing the powers of government, has done or failed to do in the world. In the Dominican Republic "it replaced the anti-Communist Trujillo with a government of the Left." It lost Laos, the Congo, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Tibet, failed to "control the evolution of Castro's Government," failed to help Indonesian rebels oust Sukarno, did nothing to prevent a Communist from being elected Premier of British Guiana. Greatest crime of all, Liberalism lost China by failing to halt Communism in Eastern Europe: "Would the Chinese Communists have dared to do what they did had the United States, for instance, prepared to go to war if necessary in 1946 to require the Soviet Union to live up to its pledges with respect to Poland?"

Today, as the editor of the *National Review* sees it after visiting Formosa, the question is whether the United States will employ "what is generally called the nuclear stalemate or the balance of terror" to keep the Soviet Union quiet while "the concept of limited war" is put into effect to recapture China from the Communists. Taiwan's mission "may be to free us from creeping Liberal paralysis."

All this adds up to American domination of the world by fighting or threatening to fight, with as ruthless and

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IRVING BRANT's *six-volume biography of President Madison has recently been brought to completion with the publication of the final volume,* James Madison, Commander-in-Chief.

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lawless an overriding of national sovereignties as Hitler attempted. It is not hard to visualize the state of the world if the course thus outlined had actually been followed by the American Government from 1946 onward. There would be today a worldwide alliance of Communist, non-Communist and anti-Communist nations to restrain 180 million American lunatics. But the *National Review* is neither so wild nor so silly as it seems to be. Bearing no responsibility, it can safely indulge in madness, and its madness is 100 percent method – a method of attacking Liberalism by charging it with all that has gone wrong in the world since 1945 (with only passing reference to the eight-year Eisenhower vacuum) and picturing Liberals as the weak and floundering allies of Communism. That purpose was clearly set forth in the same editorial:

"All the roads that lead to the recovery of freedom, or the diminution of Communist power, are closed to us because to follow them would mean to risk nuclear war. . . . This is the ultimate mischief that Liberalism is capable of performing, and in this respect Liberalism most clearly does the work of the Communists, the object of whose propaganda for years has been discernible, namely, to terrorize the West into inactivity by threats of nuclear war."

Home-Grown Communists

Once in a while the strategists of the Radical Right actually refer to American Communists in their campaign to save the United States from the internal "Communist Conspiracy." But even then they make Liberalism the main target. Thus, in its issue of April 10, 1962, the *National Review* replies to the charge that it is "seeing Communists under the bed." It finds the United States menaced by three destructive forces:

"The Communist world enterprise, with its military, political and worldwide subversive powers; the American Communist Conspiracy, which is a detachment behind our lines of that enterprise's multi-dimensional army; and – on a very different level – the corrosive ideology of American Liberalism, which eats away at the foundation values of our civilization and our Republic."

In which of these three menaces does the right-wing magazine see the greatest danger? Listen to it: "The purely conspiratorial element, the domestic Communist Conspiracy, is intrinsically the least formidable of the three. If it were not for the power it derives, as a parachute division in our rear, from the massive army in our front, it would pose little serious danger. Even then, if it were not for the confusion in our counsels and the debilitation of our will that Liberalism sows, the conspiracy would be unable effectively to function."

However, the *National Review* does not totally write off American Communists as part of the Communist menace in the United States. Writing in support of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (January 16, 1962) it said: "There are fewer Communists in America today than 20 years ago, but America is in greater peril from Communists in general, and as the power of the enemy abroad increases, so necessarily does his arm here, unless we chop it off." What does this word "necessarily" mean? The power of international Communism is obviously far greater today than it was 20 years ago. Yet as the *National Review* admits, the strength of the American Communist movement has sharply declined. Are we to conclude that American Communists become more dangerous, the fewer there are of them? This is the myth that originated with J. Edgar Hoover, but there has been no intimation from him that they are so few in numbers that the FBI is unable to cope with them. The American Communist Party, according to Mr. Hoover, has about 10,000 members. The FBI has a full-time personnel of 13,579, including 6,000 special agents, not all of whom, of course, are checking on Communists. The country may rest assured, however, that if the number of Communists should drop to 5,000, Mr. Hoover will ask for enough additional agents to offset the heightened danger. And if the number of Communists should jump to 20,000, he will, if equally logical, request Congress to make a corresponding reduction in the FBI.

Although it may be out of order, by right-wing standards, to devote much attention to American Communists as part of the internal Communist menace, let us give a passing thought to that little group, pitiable in plight and influence but hardly to be pitied. Where do American Communists actually stand in the nuclear age? To liken them to "a parachute division in our rear" conjures up a vision of a conspiratorial band dashing out in the wake of a nuclear attack, sabotaging all the factories that bombs don't destroy, and grabbing control of the country as trustees for the oncoming Soviet hordes. But where will the American Communists actually be in the event of nuclear war? They will be dead, because few as they are, they are concentrated in the industrial centers and transportation hubs that would be among the primary targets in a war of instantaneous mutual annihilation. If such a war should come by deliberate Soviet decision, which is next to inconceivable considering the consequences to Russia, would Mr. K tip off the American comrades and tell them to jump, dig or run? He wouldn't dare, even if they were not despised by him as a set of nincompoops who would rate below the seventh level of the Soviet bureaucracy. Moscow is talking peace and American Communists (the few who are vocal) are said to be parroting that international line. But it is the only line they can take to help save their skins. Frightful

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indeed must be their torment as they realize that Soviet nuclear power, the bastion of Communist hopes outside the Chinese orbit, carries nothing for them if put to use but their own death warrant.

However, the generalissimo of the right-wing intelligentsia was not thinking primarily of physical sabotage when he referred to "a parachute division in our rear." What he had in mind was spelled out in the *National Review* of last January 16 [italics added]: "In his dreams, Archimedes could not have fancied a lever greater than modern technology has given to the critically situated saboteur. The relatively new *science of opinion-making* can have, indeed, has had, lethal consequences for millions of people."

This challenge of the constitutional right to express and advocate an opinion was directed against members of the Communist Party, but in the same article the editor broadened his position by stating three premises on which it rested:

The first: that the Soviet menace is real.

The second: that in the final analysis, the distinction between the internal and the external threat is unreal.

The third: "shared by most American conservatives is this; that the state wants constant watching, because it is notoriously the principal instrument for the oppression of free men. American conservatives, I think it safe to generalize, have in recent years resisted with a consistency they would match up against that of any other half dozen persons, the accumulation of power in the Government of the United States. Their deliberation on the matter of the House Committee on Un-American Activities should be viewed in this light."

That last sentence is interesting. A strong supporter of the Un-American Activities Committee thus places on record what some of its critics have long believed, that its principal function is to make it hard to enact federal legislation or exercise executive powers disliked by conservatives. The *National Review* then named six writers of books and articles on the Bill of Rights – men to whom Communism is anathema – and assailed them as persons who would "make it painless for an American citizen to contribute to the subversion of his country." That thought brought the editor to what once would have been called the $64,000 question: How should "anti-Communism" deal with freedom of speech and press, of assembly and association? Here is his answer:

"It is an empirical question, not to be answered by liberal dogmatic invocations, whether a Western nation can pursue a truly effective pro-Western policy while adhering to conventional libertarian attitudes toward the rights and privileges of dissent. . . . It is only in our time that the idea of the open society was transmuted into Holy Writ, put forward as the first loyalty of free men. Before, the first loyalty of free men was to free-

"Mind You, I Don't Put It Exactly That Way"

dom – and freedom is not served by extending it to the enemies of freedom, freedom to mine the city, and whistle while they work. . . . It is nothing short of preposterous to tolerate an active conspiracy in our midst: and if the Constitution is not, as presently understood, resilient enough to cope with the contemporary requirements of survival, then the Constitution should be modified, as it has been before."

Existing laws have long been in force against active conspiracies, and the enforcement of them is the business of the Department of Justice. To strike down freedom of opinion without amending the Constitution, it would not be necessary to go a thousand miles beyond the split decisions of the Supreme Court in the Barenblatt and Braden cases, or the more monolithic teachings of the Harvard Law School. The *National Review's* declared purpose is to combat Communist propaganda by taking away the constitutional rights of members of the Communist Party – a limited numerical objective, but limitless in the opening it gives to take away the rights of all citizens. What is the significance of it when it comes from a strident right-wing spokesman whose main thesis is that the black-sheep "Communist Conspiracy" would be unable to function without the aid of American Liberalism, its white-wooled brother?

Look at the whole picture – the accusation that the

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American Liberals lost China, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Cuba, that they are creating "a centralized despotic mass state," that "the Liberal commitment to collectivism and social engineering" amounts to a partnership with Communism, that Liberalism "eats away at the foundation values of our civilization and our Republic." To the man who really believes such stuff, is political Liberalism less dangerous, less of an "active conspiracy," than the activities of Communist Party propagandists who are greeted with hoots of derision when they take the public platform? To those who write and those who believe such accusations against Liberalism, do not Liberals represent a "clear and present danger" that would override Constitutional rights and liberties?

Abandon the "open society," surrender "the rights and privileges of dissent," at the behest of the Radicals of the Right, and the effect will not be confined to a few thousand Communist nitwits. The actual target will be the present one – the American Liberals who are being assailed as the alleged source of the "internal menace of Communism" and the cause of its spread in the world. If American free speech and free press turned China over to the Communists, it was not the speeches of William Z. Foster or the editorials in the *Daily Worker* that turned the trick.

The Right Brothers

We have followed the low road and the high road of self-proclaimed anti-Communism and find that they come together at the end, with the John Birch Society and the *National Review* a bit apart but side by side, and Barry Goldwater's arms around both of them. The variance between the two is probably more a difference of insight than desires. The John Birch Society hits with a cruder bludgeon to destroy the income tax, organized labor, and everything else it doesn't like.

The right-wing intelligentsia, avoiding the self-defeating excesses of the Birchites, employs the same methods to destroy the same set of laws. But it has the farther-reaching objective of driving Liberalism forever out of power by deceptive propaganda or by judicial or legislative destruction of the basic rights of citizenship. If they could do all they talk of doing, our American society of free men would be trampled to death under a ponderous procession of troglodytes mounted on pachyderms.

There are far greater dangers to American liberties than the editorials in a right-wing magazine advocating their deliberate abandonment. Rust and rot are more destructive than fire. And it is the Birchites and the right-wing editors, not the Liberals, who fail to see the reality in the "Soviet threat" – a threat that is far more acute in the competition for men's loyalties in Asia, Africa and Latin America than in the counting and pointing of nuclear weapons.

But the real tragedy in this whole exhibition of right-wing lunacy, and in the more spontaneous fears and prejudices out of which it has developed, is that it takes time, mind and energy away from things that need to be done for the Republic. It corrodes the minds and morals of both the planners of it and the deluded participants. Socially and economically, the nation slips behind or stands still when it needs to go forward.

Government officials who need all their waking hours to cope with the problems of a changing world and changing society are forced to defend themselves against fantastic charges. Not a decision can be made by the President without taking account of a deliberately distorted public opinion.

Congress partially participates in the deception and is partially its victim, neglecting vital legislation, wasting the time of its members and of the Executive. No government witness, from Cabinet member down, can testify before a Congressional committee without considering how his words may be perverted, or be made perilous by a previous campaign of right-wing distortion. Imperative necessities succumb to expediency.

Congressmen buy immunity from crackpot attacks or partisan assault by voting public money to vigilante committees whose work they know to be demoralizing and senseless.

Businessmen whose sober judgment is needed in their own affairs, and might be helpful to government at every level, spend their time pursuing the receding past with butterfly nets.

The majority of the American people, desperately requiring a clear knowledge of what they and their country face in this new world, are stuffed with nonsense that excites the passions and stupefies the mind.

Children, from whose ranks the leaders of tomorrow must come, absorb their knowledge or lack of it from teachers numbed by fear.

The blame for this does not lie exclusively with the Extremists of the Right, and their less partisan allies, who either through ignorance or by design have adopted the tactics of Goebbels and Vishinsky. The fault lies in large measure with innumerable men and women of good intent who think of nothing but material comfort or luxury, with thousands of college students and young graduates whose sole ambition is a cushy job and the chrome-lined horsepower that goes with it, with teachers who know the truth but dare not utter it, with editors who will not assail despicable methods because they lean toward the objectives, with politicians who hope to benefit from tactics they would not themselves adopt.

Meanwhile, all over the world, puzzled observers are asking whether the American people have lost their minds and their heads. It is a fair question.

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A Bolt from the Blue

by Mary McCarthy

Pale Fire is a Jack-in-the-box, a Fabergé gem, a clockwork toy, a chess problem, an infernal machine, a trap to catch reviewers, a cat-and-mouse game, a do-it-yourself novel. It consists of a 999-line poem of four cantos in heroic couplets together with an editor's preface, notes, index, and proof-corrections. When the separate parts are assembled, according to the manufacturer's directions, and fitted together with the help of clues and cross-references, which must be hunted down as in a paper-chase, a novel on several levels is revealed, and these "levels" are not the customary "levels of meaning" of modernist criticism but planes in a fictive space, rather like those houses of memory in medieval mnemonic science, where words, facts, and numbers were stored till wanted in various rooms and attics, or like the Houses of astrology into which the heavens are divided.

Pale Fire
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Putnam; $5)

The poem has been written by a sixty-one-year-old American poet of the homely, deceptively homely, Robert Frost type who teaches at Wordsmith College in New Wye, Appalachia; his name is John Shade, his wife is called Sybil, née Irondell or Swallow; his parents were ornithologists; he and his wife had a fat, plain daughter, Hazel, who killed herself young by drowning in a lake near the campus. Shade's academic "field" is Pope, and his poem, *Pale Fire,* is in Pope's heroic measure; in content, it is closer to Wordsworthian pastures – rambling, autobiographical, full of childhood memories, gleanings from Nature, interrogations of the universe: a kind of American *Prelude.* The commentator is Shade's colleague, a refugee professor from Zembla, a mythical country north of Russia. His name is Charles Kinbote; he lives next door to Shade in a house he has rented from Judge Goldsworth, of the law faculty, absent on sabbatical leave. (If, as the commentator points out, you recombine the syllables of "Wordsmith" and "Goldsworth," you get Goldsmith and Wordsworth, two masters of the heroic couplet.) At the moment of writing, Kinbote has fled Appalachia and is living in a log cabin in a motor court at Cedarn in the Southwest; Shade has been murdered, fortuitously, by a killer calling himself Jack Grey, and Kinbote, with the widow's permission, has taken his manuscript to edit in hiding, far from the machinations of two rival Shadians on the faculty. Kinbote, known on the campus as the Great Beaver, is a bearded vegetarian pederast, who has had bad luck with his youthful "ping-pong partners"; a lonely philologue and long-standing admirer of the poet (he has translated him into Zemblan), he has the unfortunate habit of "dropping in" on the Shades, spying on them (they don't draw theirs) with binoculars from a post at a window or in the shrubbery; jealous of Mrs. Shade, he is always available for a game of chess or a "good ramble" with the tolerant poet, whom he tirelessly entertains with his Zemblan reminiscences. "I don't see how John and Sybil can stand you," a faculty wife hisses at him in the grocery store. "What's more, you are insane."

That is the plot's ground floor. Then comes the *piano nobile.* Kinbote believes that he has inspired his friend with his tales of his native Zembla, of its exiled king, Charles the Beloved, and the Revolution that started in the Glass Works; indeed, he has convinced himself that the poem is *his* poem – the occupational mania of commentators – and cannot be properly understood without his gloss, which narrates Zemblan events paralleling the poet's composition. What at once irresistibly peeps out from Kinbote's notes is that he himself is none other than Charles the Beloved, disguised in a beaver as an academic; he escaped from Zembla in a motor boat and flew to America after a short stay on the Côte d'Azur; an American sympathizer, a trustee of Wordsmith, Mrs. Sylvia O'Donnell, has found him a post on the language faculty. His colleagues (read "mortal enemies") include – besides burly Professor Hurley, head of the department and an adherent of "*engazhay*" literature – Professor C., a literary Freudian and owner of an ultra-modern villa, a certain Professor Pnin, and an instructor, Mr. Gerald Emerald, a young man in a bow tie and green velvet jacket. Meanwhile the Shadows, the Secret Police of Zembla, have hired a gunman, Jakob Gradus, alias Jacques d'Argus, alias Jacques Degré, alias Jack Grey, to do away with the royal exile. Gradus' slow descent on Wordsmith synchronizes, move by move, with Shade's composition of *Pale Fire;* the thug, wearing a brown suit, a trilby, and carrying a Browning, alights on the campus the day the poem is finished. In the library he converges with Mr. Gerald Emerald, who obligingly gives him a lift to Professor Kinbote's house. There, firing at the king, he kills the poet; when the police take him, he masks his real purpose and identity by claiming to be a lunatic escaped from a local asylum.

This second story, the *piano nobile,* is the "real" story as it appears to Kinbote of the events leading to the poet's death. But the real, real story, the story underneath, has been transpiring gradually, by degrees, to the reader. Kinbote is mad. He is a harmless refugee pedant named Botkin who teaches in the Russian department and who fancies himself to be the exiled king of Zembla. This delusion, which he supposes to be his secret, is known to the

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poet, who pities him, and to the campus at large, which does not – the insensate woman in the grocery store was expressing the general opinion. The killer is just what he claims to be – Jack Grey, an escaped criminal lunatic, who has been sent to the State Asylum for the Insane by, precisely, Judge Goldsworth, Botkin's landlord. It is Judge Goldsworth that the madman intended to murder, not Botkin, alias Kinbote, alias Charles the Beloved; the slain poet was the victim of a case of double mistaken identity (his poem too is murdered by its editor, who mistakes it for something else). The clue to Gradus-Grey, moreover, was in Botkin's hands when, early in the narrative, he leafed through a sentimental album kept by the judge containing photographs of the killers he had sent to prison or condemned to death: ". . . a strangler's quite ordinary-looking hands, a self-made widow, the close-set merciless eyes of a homicidal maniac (somewhat resembling, I admit, the late Jacques d'Argus), a bright little parricide aged seven. . . ." He got, as it were, a preview of the coming film – a frequent occurrence in this kind of case. Projected onto Zembla, in fact, are the daily events of the campus. Gradus' boss, Uzumrudov, one of the higher Shadows, met on the Riviera in a green velvet jacket is slowly recognized to be "little Mr. Anon.," alias Gerald Emerald, alias Reginald Emerald, a teacher of freshman English, who has made advances to (read in reverse "had advances made to him by") Professor Botkin, and who is also the author of a rude anonymous note suggesting that Professor Botkin has halitosis. The paranoid political structure called Zembla in Botkin's exiled fantasy – with its Extremist government and secret agents – is a transliteration of a pederast's persecution complex, complicated by the "normal" conspiracy-mania of a faculty common room.

But there is in fact a "Zembla," behind the Iron Curtain. The real, real story, the plane of ordinary sanity and common sense, the reader's presumed plane, cannot be accepted as final. The explanation that Botkin is mad will totally satisfy only Professors H. and C. and their consorts, who can put aside *Pale Fire* as a detective story, with the reader racing the author to the solution. *Pale Fire* is not a detective story, though it includes one. Each plane or level in its shadow box proves to be a false bottom; there is an infinite perspective regression, for the book is a book of mirrors.

Shade's poem begins with a very beautiful image, of a bird that has flown against a window and smashed itself, mistaking the reflected sky in the glass for the true azure. "I was the shadow of the waxwing slain / By the false azure of the window pane." This image is followed by another, still more beautiful and poignant, a picture of that trick of optics whereby a room at night, when the shades have not been drawn, is reflected in the dark landscape outside.

"Uncurtaining the night I'd let dark glass
Hang all the furniture above the grass
And how delightful when a fall of snow
Covered my glimpse of lawn and reached up so
As to make chair and bed exactly stand
Upon that snow, out in that crystal land!"

"That crystal land," notes the commentator, loony Professor Botkin. "Perhaps an allusion to Zembla, my dear country." On the plane of everyday sanity, he errs. But on the plane of poetry and magic, he is speaking the simple truth, for Zembla is Semblance, Appearance, the mirror-realm, the Looking Glass of Alice. This is the first clue in the treasure-hunt, pointing the reader to the dual or punning nature of the whole work's composition. *Pale Fire*, a reflective poem, is also a prism of reflections. Zembla, the land of seeming, now governed by the Extremists, is the antipodes of Appalachia, in real homespun democratic America, but it is also the *semblable*, the twin, as seen in a distorting glass. Semblance becomes resemblance.

The word Zembla can be found in Pope's *Essay on Man* (Epistle 2, v); there it signifies the fabulous extreme north, the land of the polar star.

"But where the Extreme of Vice was ne'er agreed.
Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Oroades, and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where;
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbor farther gone than he."

Pope is saying that vice, when you start to look for it, is always somewhere *else* – a *will-o'-the-wisp*. This somewhere else is Zembla, but it is also next door, at your neighbor's. Now Botkin is Shade's neighbor and vice versa; moreover, people who live in glass houses. . . . Shade has a vice, the bottle, the festive glass, and Botkin's vice is that he is an *invert*, *i.e.*, turned upside down, as the antipodes are, relative to each other. Further, the reader will notice that the word Extreme, with a capital (Zemblan Extremists) and the word degree (Gradus is degree in Russian), both occur in these verses, in the neighborhood of Zembla, pre-mirroring *Pale Fire*, as though by second sight. Reading on, you find (lines 267-268) the following lines quoted by John Shade in a discarded variant:

"See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king . . ."

The second line is *Pale Fire* in a nutshell. Pope continues (lines 269-270):

"The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse."

Supremely Blest is the title of John Shade's book on Pope. In this section of the poem, Pope is playing on the light and shade antithesis and on what an editor calls the "pattern of paradoxical attitudes" to which man's dual nature is subject. The lunatic Botkin, incidentally, playing king, *inverts* his name.

To leave Pope momentarily and return to Zembla, there is an actual Nova Zembla, a group of islands in the Arctic Ocean, north of Archangel. The name

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is derived from the Russian Novaya Zemlya, which means "new land." Or *terre neuve*, Newfoundland, the New World. Therefore Appalachia=Zembla. But since for Pope Zembla was roughly equal to Greenland, then Zembla must be a green land, an Arcadia. Arcady is a name often bestowed by Professor Botkin on New Wye, Appalachia, which also gets the epithet "green," and he quotes *"Et in Arcadia ego,"* for Death has come to Arcady in the shape of Gradus, ex-glazier and killer, the emissary of Zembla on the other side of the world. Green-jacketed Gerald Emerald gives Death a lift in his car.

The complementary color to green is red. Zembla has turned red after the revolution that began in the Glass Factory. Green and red flash on and off in the narrative like traffic signals and sometimes reverse their message. Green appears to be the color of death, and red the color of life; red is the king's color and green the color of his enemies. Green is pre-eminently the color of seeming (the theatrical greenroom), the color, too, of camouflage, for Nature, being green at least in summer, can hide a green-clad figure in her verdure. But red is a color that is dangerous to a wearer who is trying to melt into the surroundings. The king escapes from his royal prison wearing a red wool cap and sweater (donned in the dark) and he is only saved by the fact that forty loyal Karlists, his supporters, put on red wool caps and sweaters too (red wool yarn – yarn comes from Latin "soothsayer" – is protective Russian folk magic) and confuse the Shadows with a multitude of false kings. Yet when the king arrives in America he floats down with a green silk parachute (because he is in disguise?), and his gardener at New Wye, a Negro whom he calls Balthasar (the black king of the three Magi), has a green thumb, a red sweater, and is seen on a green ladder; it is the gardener who saves the king's life when Gradus, alias Grey, appears.

Now when Alice went through the looking-glass she entered a chess game as a white pawn. There is surely a chess game or chess problem in *Pale Fire*, played on a board of green and red squares. The poet describes his residence as "the frame house between / Goldsworth and Wordsmith on its square of green"; the Rose Court in the royal palace in Onhava (Far Away), the Zemblan capital, is a sectile mosaic with rose petals cut out of red stone and large thorns cut out of green marble. There is much stress, in place-descriptions, on framing, and reference is made to chess problems of "the solus rex type." The royal fugitive may be likened to a lone king running away on the board. But in problems of the solus rex type, the king, though outnumbered, is, curiously enough, not always at a disadvantage; for example, a king and two knights cannot checkmate a lone king – the game is stalemated or drawn. All the chess games played by characters in the story are draws. The plot of the novel ends in a kind of draw, if not a stalemate. The king's escape from the castle is doubtless castling.

Chess is the perfect mirror-game, with the pieces drawn up confronting each other as in a looking-glass; moreover, castles, knights, and bishops have their twins as well as their opposite numbers. The piece, by the way, called the bishop in English, in French is *"le fou"* or madman. In the book there are two opposed lunatics at large: Gradus and Kinbote. The moves made by Gradus from the Zemblan capital to Wordsmith in New Wye parallel spatially the moves made in time by the poet toward the completion of his poem; at the zero hour, there is a convergence of space and time. What is shadowed forth here may be a game of three-dimensional chess – three simultaneous games played by a pair of chess wizards on three transparent boards arranged vertically. A framed crystal land, the depth-echo of the bedroom projected onto the snow.

The moves of Gradus also hint some astrological progression. The magnum opus of old John Shade is begun July 1, 1959, at the dead center of the year. The poem is completed (except for the last line) the day of Gradus' arrival, July 21, on the cusp between Cancer and Leo. Botkin arrived at Judge Goldsworth's "chateau" on February 5, 1959; on Monday, February 16, he was introduced to the poet at lunch at the Faculty Club; on March 14, he dined at the Shades', etc. The fateful conjunction of three planets seems to be indicated, and the old astrological notion of events on earth mirroring the movements of the stars in the sky.

The twinning and doubling proliferate; the multiplication of levels refracts a prismatic, opaline light on Faculty Row. Zembla is not just land but earth – "Terra the Fair, an orbicle of jasp," as John Shade names the globe; a Zemblan feuilletonist had fancifully dubbed its capital Uranograd – "Sky City." The fate of Charles the Beloved is a rippling reflection of the fate of Charles II of England on his travels, of Bonnie Prince Charlie and of the deposed Shakespearean rulers for whom streets are named in Onhava – Coriolanus Lane, Timon Alley. Prospero of *The Tempest* pops in and out of the commentary, like a Fata Morgana, to mislead the reader into looking for "pale fire" in Shakespeare's swansong. It is not there, but *The Tempest* is in *Pale Fire:* Prospero's emerald isle, called the Ile of Divels, in the New World, Iris and Juno's peacock, sea caves, the chess game of Ferdinand and Miranda, Prospero's enchantments, his lost kingdom, and Caliban, whom he taught language, that supreme miracle of mirroring.

Nature's imitations of Nature are also evoked – echo, the mocking-bird perched on a television aerial ("TV's huge paperclip"), the iridescent eyes of the peacock's fan, the cicada's emerald case, a poplar tree's rabbit-foot – all the "natural shams" of so-called protective mimicry by which, as Shade says in his poem, "The reed becomes a bird, the knobby twig / An inchworm and the cobra head, a big / Wickedly folded moth." These disguises are not different from the exiled king's red cap and sweater (like the markings of a bird) or the impersonation of an actor. Not only Nature's shams but Nature's freaks dance in and out of the lines: rings around the moon, rainbows and sun dogs (bright spots of light, often colored, sometimes seen on the ring of the solar halo), the heliotrope or sunturner, which, by a trick of language, is also the bloodstone, Muscovy glass (mica), phosphorescence (named for Venus, the Morning Star), mirages, the roundlet of pale light called the *ignis fatuus*, fireflies, everything speckled, freckled, curiously patterned, dappled,

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quaint (as in Hopkins' poem, "Pied Beauty"). The arrowy tracks of the pheasant, the red heraldic barrings of the Vanessa butterfly, snow crystals. And the imitation of natural effects in manufactures: stained glass, paperweights containing snowstorms and mountain views, glass eyes. Not to mention other curios like the bull's eye lantern, glass giraffes, Cartesian devils. Botkin, the bearded urning, is himself a prime "freak of Nature," like Humbert. And the freakish puns of language ("Red Sox win 5/4 on Chapman's Homer"), "muscat" (a cat-and-mouse game), anagrams, mirror-writing, such words as versipel. The author loves the ampersand and dainty diminutives ending in "let" or "et" (nymphet). Rugged John Shade is addicted to "word-golf," which he induces Botkin to play with him. Botkin's best scores are hate-love in three (late-lave-love), lass-male in four (last-mast-malt-male), live-dead in five. If you play word-golf with the title words, you can get pale-hate in two and fire-love in three. Or pale-love in three and fire-hate in three.

The misunderstandings of scholarship, cases of mistaken word-identity, also enchant this dear author. *E.g.*, "alderwood" and "alderking" keep cropping up in the gloss with overtones of northern forest magic. What can an alderking be, excluding chief or ruler, which would give king-king, a redundancy? "Erle" is the German word for alder, and the alder tree, which grows in wet places, has the curious property of not rotting under water. Hence it is a kind of magic tree, very useful for piles supporting bridges. And John Shade, writing of the loss of his daughter, echoes Goethe's "The Erl-King."

> "Who rides so late in the night and the wind?
> It is the writer's grief. It is the wild
> March wind. It is the father with his child."

Now the German scholar, Herder, in translating the elf-king story from the Danish, mistook the word for elf (*elle*) for the word for alder. So it is not really the alderking but the elf- or goblin-king, but the word alder touched by the enchanted word elf becomes enchanted itself and dangerous. Goethe's erl-king, notes Kinbote, fell in love with the traveler's little boy. Therefore alderking means an eerie, dangerous invert found in northern forest-countries.

Similar sorcerer's tricks are played with the word stone. The king in his red cap escaping through the Zemblan mountains is compared to a *Steinmann*, which, as Kinbote explains, is a pile of stones erected by alpinists to commemorate an ascent; these stonemen, apparently, like snowmen, were finished off with a red cap and scarf. The *Steinmann*, then, becomes a synonym for one of the king's disguised followers in red cap and sweater (*e.g.*, Julius Steinmann, Zemblan patriot). But the *Steinmann* has another meaning, not divulged by Kinbote; it is the *homme de pierre* or *homme de St. Pierre* of Pushkin's poem about Don Giovanni, in short the stone statue, the Commendatore of the opera. Anyone who sups with the stone man, St. Peter's deputy, will be carried off to hell. The mountain that the *Steinmann*-king has to cross is wooded by Mandevil Forest; toward the end of his journey he meets a disguised figure, Baron Mandevil, man of fashion, catamite, and Zemblan patriot. Read man-devil, but read also Sir John Mandeville, medieval impostor and author of a book of voyages who posed as an English knight (perhaps a chess move is indicated?). Finally the stone (glancing by glass houses) is simply the stone thrown into a pool or lake and starting the tremulous magic of widening ripples that distort the clear mirroring of the image – as the word stone itself, cast into the pool of this paragraph has sent out wavelets in a widening circle.

Lakes – the original mirrors of primeval man – play an important part in the story. There are three lakes near the campus, Omega, Ozero, and Zero (Indian names, notes Botkin, garbled by early settlers); the king sees his consort, Disa, Duchess of Payn (sadism; theirs was a "white" marriage) mirrored in an Italian lake. The poet's daughter was drowned herself in Lake Omega; her name (". . . in lone Glenartney's hazel shade") is taken from *The Lady of the Lake*. But a hazel wand is also a divining-rod, used to find water; in her girlhood, the poor child, witch Hazel, was a poltergeist.

Trees, lakes, butterflies, stones, peacocks – there is also the waxwing, the poet's alter ego, which appears in the first line of the poem (duplicated in the last, unwritten line). If you look up the waxwing in the OED, you will find that it is "a passerine bird of the genus Ampelis, esp. A. garrulus, the Bohemian waxwing. Detached from the chatterers by Monsieur Vieillot." The poet, a Bohemian, is detached from the chatterers of the world. The waxwing (belonging to the king's party) has red-tipped quills like sealing wax. Another kind of waxwing is the Cedar Waxwing. Botkin has fled to Cedarn. The anagram of Cedarn is nacred.

More suggestively (in the popular sense), the anal canal or "back door" or "*porte étroite*" is linked with a secret passage leading by green-carpeted stairs to a green door (which in turn leads to the greenroom of the Onhava National Theater), discovered by the king and a boyhood bedfellow. It is through this secret passage (made for Iris Acht, a leading actress) that the king makes his escape from the castle. Elsewhere a "throne," in the child's sense of "the toilet," is identified naughtily with the king. When gluttonous Gradus arrives in Appalachia, he is suffering from a severe case of diarrhea, induced by a conflict of "French" fries, consumed in a Broadway restaurant, with a genuine French ham sandwich, which he had saved from his Nice-Paris railway trip. The discharge of his bowels is horribly paralleled with the discharge of the automatic pistol he is carrying; he is the modern automatic man. In discharging the chamber of his pistol he is exercising what to him is a "natural" function; earlier the slight sensory pleasure he will derive from the act of murder is compared to the pleasure a man gets from squeezing a blackhead.

This is no giggling, high-pitched, literary camp. The repetitions, reflections, misprints, and quirks of Nature are taken as signs of the presence of a pattern, the stamp or watermark of a god or an intelligence. There is a web of sense in creation, old John Shade decides – not text but texture, the warp and woof of coincidence. He hopes to find "some kind of correlated pattern in the game, / Plexed artistry, and something of the same / Pleasure in it as they who played it found." The world is a sportive work of art, a

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mosaic, an iridescent tissue. Appearance and "reality" are interchangeable; all appearance, however deceptive, is real. Indeed it is just this faculty of deceptiveness (natural mimicry, trompe l'oeil, imposture), this power of imitation, that provides the key to Nature's cipher. Nature has "the artistic temperament"; the galaxies, if scanned, will be an iambic line.

Kinbote and Shade (and the author) agree in a detestation of symbols, except those of typography and, no doubt, natural science ("H₂O is a symbol for water"). They are believers in signs, pointers, blazes, notches, clues, all of which point into a forest of associations, a forest in which other woodmen have left half-obliterated traces. All genuine works contain pre-cognitions of other works or reminiscences of them (and the two are the same), just as the flying lizard already possessed a parachute, a fold of skin enabling it to glide through the air.

Shade, as an American, is naturally an agnostic, and Kinbote, a European, is a vague sort of Christian who speaks of accepting "God's presence – a faint phosphorescence at first, a pale light in the dimness of bodily life, and a dazzling radiance after it." Or, more concessively, "Somehow Mind is involved as a main factor in the making of the universe." This Mind of Kinbote's seems to express itself most lucidly in dualities, pairs, twins, puns, couplets, like the plots of Shakespeare's early comedies. But this is only to be expected if one recalls that to make a cut-out heart or lacy design for Valentine's Day all a child needs is a scissors and a folded piece of paper – the fold makes the pattern, which, unfolded, appears as a miracle. It is the quaint principle of the butterfly. Similarly, Renaissance artificers used to make wondrous "natural" patterns by bisecting a veined stone, an agate or a carnelian, as you would bisect an orange. Another kind of magic is the child's trick of putting a piece of paper on the cover of a school book and shading it with a pencil; wonderfully, the stamped title, *Caesar's Gallic Wars*, emerges, as though embossed, in white letters. This, upside down, is the principle of the pheasant's hieroglyph in the snow or the ripple marks on the sand, to which we cry How beautiful!" There is no doubt

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●

The principal aircraft firms are nominally under private management, while even their office furniture and water coolers may be government property. Thus we may have management nominally private, operating production facilities that are almost entirely publicly owned, and selling to one customer: the government.

Seymour Melman
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●

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that duplication, stamping, printing (children's transfers), is one of the chief forms of magic, a magic we also see in Jack Frost's writing on the window, in jet trails in the sky – an intelligent spirit seems to have signed them. But it is not only in symmetry and reproduction that the magic signature of Mind is discerned, but in the very imperfections of Nature's work, which appear as guarantees of authentic, hand-knit manufacture. That is, in those blemishes and freckles and streakings and moles already mentioned that are the sports of creation, and what is a vice but a mole?

Nabokov's tenderness for human eccentricity, for the freak, the "deviate," is partly the naturalist's taste for the curious. But his fond, wry compassion for the lone black piece on the board goes deeper than classificatory science or the collector's choplicking. Love is the burden of *Pale Fire*, love and loss. Love is felt as a kind of homesickness, that yearning for union described by Plato, the pining for the other half of a once-whole body, the straining of the soul's black horse to unite with the white. The sense of loss in love, of separation (the room *beyond*, projected onto the snow, the phantom moves of the chess knight, that deviate piece, *off* the board's edge onto ghostly squares), binds mortal men in a common pattern – the elderly couple watching TV in a lighted room, and the "queer" neighbor watching *them* from his window. But it is most poignant in the outsider: the homely daughter stood up by her date, the refugee, the "queen," the bird smashed on the window pane.

Pity is the password, says Shade, in a philosophical discussion with Kinbote; for the agnostic poet, there are only two sins, murder and the deliberate infliction of pain. In the exuberant high spirits, the wild laughter of the book, there is a cry of pure pain. The compassion of Nabokov stops violently short of Gradus, that grey, degraded being, the shadow of a Shade. The modern, mass-produced, jet-propelled, newspaper-digesting killer is described with a fury of intimate hatred; he is Death on the prowl. Unnatural Death is the natural enemy of the delicate, gauzy ephemerids who are Nabokov's special love. Kinbote makes an "anti-Darwinian" aphorism: "The killer is *always* his victim's inferior."

But except for the discussions between the poet and his neighbor and Kinbote's theological justification of suicide, the book is quite free of religion – a remarkable achievement for a work that plays on traditional associations. How was it possible to avoid the Holy Rood, the Trinity, the Harrowing of Hell, the Resurrection, etc.? Among the myriads of references, there seem to be only two to Christian legend: the oblique one to St. Peter as gatekeeper of Heaven and the chess-jesting one to the Black King of the Magi. The book is obstinately, adamantly secular. It flies this fact gallantly like a flag of difference. The author's attitude toward the mystery of the universe is closer to the old botanist's wonder than to the modern physicist's mysticism. His practical morality, like Kant's, seeks to reconcile the Enlightenment with universal maxims of conduct held as axioms. Nabokov's pantheism contains Platonic gleams: Kinbote's "phosphorescence" recalls the cave myth. Kinbote reverts to this notion when he concedes in his final remarks that Shade's poem, for all its deficiencies, has "echoes and wavelets of fire and pale phosphorescent hints" of the real Zemblan magic. This madman's estimate is also the author's apologia for his own work, in relation to the fiery Beyond of the pure imagination – Plato's Empyrean, the sphere of pure light or fire. But Plato's Empyrean is finished, a celestial storehouse or vault of models from which the forms of earthly life are copied. In Nabokov's view (see Shade's couplet, *"Man's life as commentary to abstruse / Unfinished poem.* Note for further use"), the celestial Poem itself is incomplete.

I have not been able to find, in Shakespeare or anywhere else, the source of "pale fire." In the commentary there is an account of the poet burning his rejected drafts in "the pale fire of the incinerator." An amusing sidelight on the question may be provided by the word ingle, used by Kinbote to mean a catamite or boy favorite, but which also means blaze, from the Gaelic word for fire. A Helena Rubinstein product is called Pale Fire. I think too of the pale fire of opals and of Wordsworth, one of the patron saints of the grotesquely named Wordsmith College. "Life like a dome of many-colored

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glass / Stains the pale radiance of eternity." Whether the visible world is a prismatic reflection of eternity or vice versa is perhaps immaterial, like the question of which came first, the chicken or the egg. In the game of signaling back and forth with mirrors, which may be man's relation with the cosmos, there is perhaps no before or after, only distance – separation – and, across it, the agitated flashing of the semaphore.

In any case, this centaur-work of Nabokov's, half poem, half prose, this merman of the deep, is a creation of perfect beauty, symmetry, strangeness, originality, and moral truth. Pretending to be a curio, it cannot disguise the fact that it is one of the very great works of art of this century, the modern novel that everyone thought dead and that was only playing possum.

ART

Church Art in Lincoln

Recently I went to Lincoln, Nebraska, to take part in a Symposium on the Arts in Religion. The experience provides the text for this week's sermon.

The program went on for two weeks and included music, dance, theater, poetry and painting and sculpture. I was there for the middle weekend as one of a three-man panel along with Mr. Samuel Miller of Harvard Theological School, and the poet, John Frederick Nims, now at the University of Illinois. Our main public meeting was held in a Methodist Church and demonstrated, among other things, that Mr. Miller is a lot more at ease in a pulpit than either Nims or I.

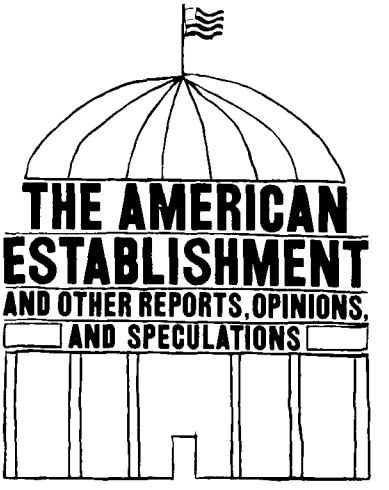
Of more general interest to *The New Republic* readers is the fact that the event took place at all. It was sponsored jointly by the Lincoln Council of Churches and the Nebraska Art Association. The Nebraska Art Association, unexpectedly, one of the oldest such groups in the country. Its substantial collection of mostly 20th-Century American art is housed in the University of Nebraska, a state institution. On the campus, too, is now being erected a new Gallery of Art, designed by Philip Johnson, and the Gallery staff, custodial and directorial, are university employees.

This interesting juxtaposition of jurisdictional detail meant nothing at all in Lincoln, but I live at the bottom end of Megalopolis – the urbs that sprawls from Boston to Washington – and to Megalopolitans the combination would have been dynamite: this was not only the mixture of Church and state – itself a hard row to leftward ho – it was clearly a case of Church interests being financed by State moneys. The whole situation reminded me of the front lines back home, where the reactionaries are always trying to corrupt the schoolchildren with the Lord's Prayer and other devices implicitly denounced by Thomas Jefferson. I kept expecting the place to be raided and myself to be impounded as evidence in a taxpayer's suit.

Nothing of the sort happened. On the contrary, I had dinner with an editor of the liberal paper in Lincoln and he had nothing but praise for the entire project. Hence my first traveler's conclusion: the Midwest still hasn't heard about the menace of the churches messing around in affairs that are none of their business.

The great conclusion follows from the first: Christianity is going great guns in Lincoln. I was surprised to find neither of the Lincoln synagogues involved in the program because for some years, in common with most observers, I've had the impression that the most effective contemporary religious art is being produced in a generally Jewish context; proportionately there are many more new, first class (in art and architecture) synagogues than there are churches. The exhibition had about fifty pieces all together, plus a Museum of Modern Art photo show of modern church architecture. The normal ratio of paintings to sculpture was almost exactly reversed, there being about twice as many sculptures as there were paintings. Since any exhibition organizer in his right mind lets paintings outnumber sculptures for the simple and

RICHARD H. ROVERE



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overriding reason of freight costs, I concluded that the proportion probably represents what's going on. For what it's worth, more sculptors than painters are attracted to religious subjects.

The exhibition was set up in ten of the hundred or so churches in town, the single Roman Catholic one being connected with the University and the Congregationalists easily leading the rest with three. The tour of the exhibition was extraordinary. The one really distinguished building is the oldest, McGonigle's First Plymouth Congregational, *ca.* 1931. But the point about the others is that they were all built within the last decade and everyone of them is contemporary, using devices like the accordian fold of roof and wall and the simple arch of two straight lines starting at the ground and carrying all the way up. Can such things be clichés? Yes they can, but they are our own clichés, not those of some remembered past in some other country. The churches in which the exhibition was held were themselves stronger evidence of the presumed artistic vitality of Christianity than the show itself.

The show itself, if it proved anything about the relationship between religion and art, proved that it is still a distant one. Not to speak of the specific weakness of the painting and sculpture – with one exception: the Kahlil Gibran use of hot-shot up-to-date welding to make his left-over 19th Century religious statues, strikes me as being as depraved as the late religious painting of Salvador Dali – the specific strengths were mostly long-established values. Nevertheless it was a joy to see some of these works of art again and it was most instructive to see a lot of them in a new, ecclesiastical setting.

First Plymouth took the honors. The Church has an enclosed, cloister-like front yard and most of the sculpture was placed there. There were a couple of pieces by Lipchitz, Zorach's great bronze head of Moses, Epstein's serene *Majestas* and a great Crucifixion in hammered copper by Saul Baizerman. Baizerman's ancient technique, used during his life only by him and now used by no one, has a strange appropriateness for the subject: the image of the body slowly emerges from the darkly glowing space of the sheet of metal, and the blows of the hammer remain in the image and in the mind.

In painting there were compelling Crucifixions by David Aronson and William Congdon and a dramatic "Lowering from the Cross" by Ben Kamihira. In the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, a spiky metal Crucifixion by Juan Nickford – flung-out agony something like Grunewald – made one point of the show by being hung next to an assembly-line horror of religious glop on the same theme, apparently a permanent fixture.

For pure quality, Trinity Episcopal established the standard. It had only two pieces, Abraham Rattner's immense and violent Last Judgment, and a Resurrection, over life-size in fiberglass by Jack Zajac. In a way, the two made another point. For it is surely one of the scandals of our time that, now, over five years old, the great Rattner painting still spends most of its existence in a New York warehouse. The Zajac is a marvelous piece: swollen ankles, stiff hands, bent head, all convey that it is a dead Man who rises. By way of hope the Zajac was bought in Lincoln and will remain in the Gallery.

FRANK GETLEIN

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MOVIES

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The Miracle Worker (UA)
Advise and Consent (Columbia)

Some subjects are irresistible. Photograph a puppy standing on a man's shoe, looking up adoringly, and the most blasé will chuckle warmly. Write a play about a blind and deaf child and at least some of your arrows must pierce. If the play is based on fact, all the better. William Gibson's play and screenplay, *The Miracle Worker*, about the young Helen Keller and her teacher Annie Sullivan, is clumsy and cluttered with dramaturgic baggage, but the subject and the central facts give it irresistible power.

The *raison d'être* of the work is in the encounters between Annie and her pupil. Everything else is padding, and the film is luckier than the play because this padding is condensed. Even condensed, the flashbacks about Annie's childhood and dead brother are irrelevant; they tell us nothing we need to know that Annie does not tell us. The deadlines laid down by Captai Keller, the loving interference of Mr Keller, are still egregious attempts t work up climaxes. But, set within th bogus carpentry, are the lessons, fight flights, and victories of the teacher an her savage pupil. They are hard kerne of moving experience that compensa for the flabbiness around them.

These encounters benefit in one wa on the screen because the blind pant mime of Patty Duke is more effecti when seen close. But Arthur Penn, d rector of the film as well as of the pla chose to make his camera "subjective in these fights; it weaves, bobs, ar whirls as the pair slam around the di ing room and the cottage. This attem to take us further "into" the scenes i I think, mistaken. It makes us feel as we were in these fights ourselve which is an artily superficial effe rather than letting us be moved by t effect of the fight on the two principa which is the point of the scenes. It like watching a prize-fight by duckir and circling with the boxers; we dor

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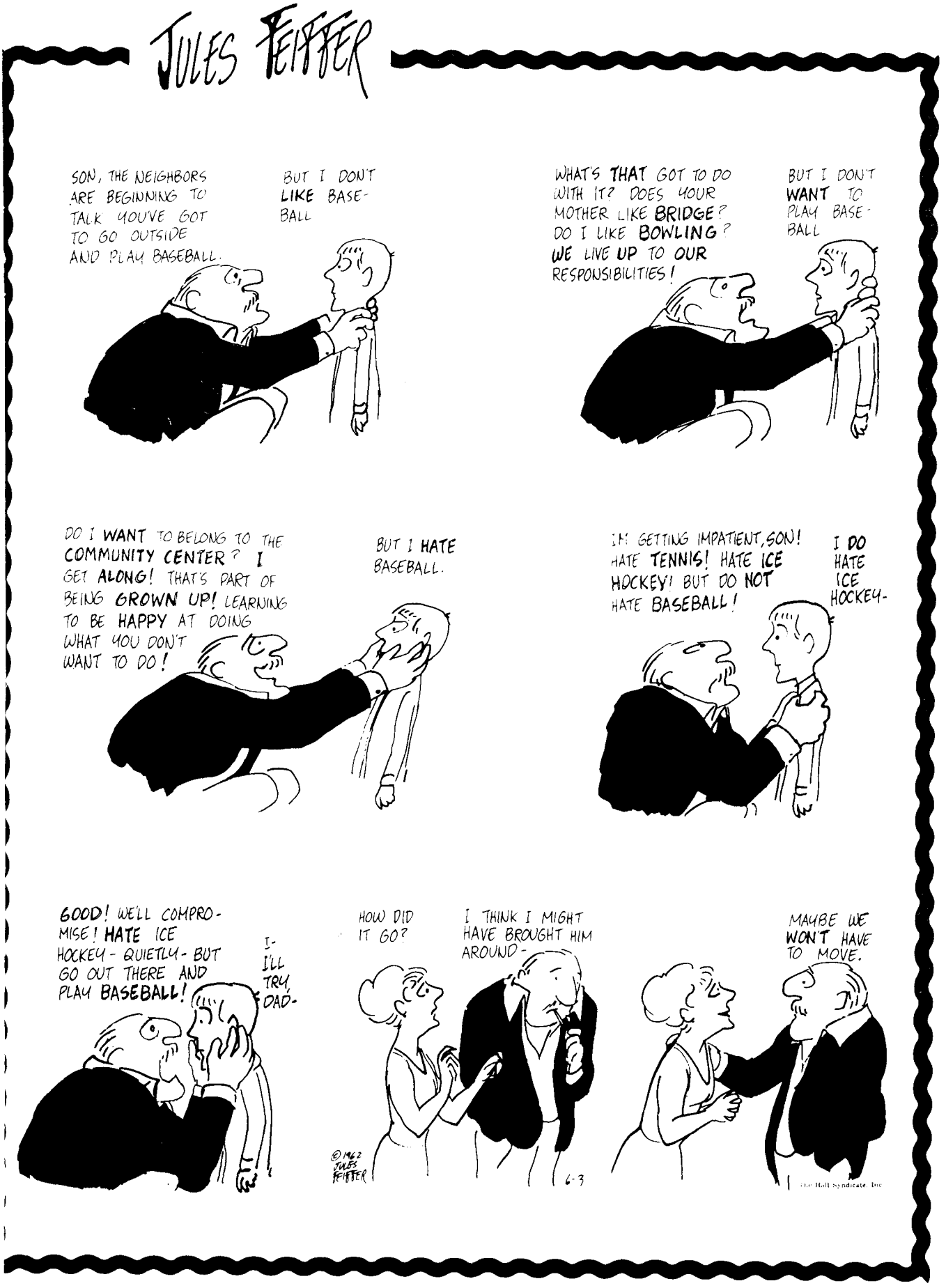
JULES FEIFFER


SON, THE NEIGHBORS ARE BEGINNING TO TALK YOU'VE GOT TO GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY BASEBALL.
BUT I DON'T LIKE BASE-BALL
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? DOES YOUR MOTHER LIKE BRIDGE? DO I LIKE BOWLING? WE LIVE UP TO OUR RESPONSIBILITIES!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO PLAY BASE-BALL
DO I WANT TO BELONG TO THE COMMUNITY CENTER? I GET ALONG! THAT'S PART OF BEING GROWN UP! LEARNING TO BE HAPPY AT DOING WHAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DO!
BUT I HATE BASEBALL.
I'M GETTING IMPATIENT, SON! I HATE TENNIS! HATE ICE HOCKEY! BUT DO NOT HATE BASEBALL!
I DO HATE ICE HOCKEY-
GOOD! WE'LL COMPRO-MISE! HATE ICE HOCKEY - QUIETLY - BUT GO OUT THERE AND PLAY BASEBALL!
I- I'LL TRY, DAD-
HOW DID IT GO?
I THINK I MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT HIM AROUND -
MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO MOVE.
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want to feel like *one* of the fighters, we want the effect of the opposition of *two* of them. As frequently happens when theater directors make films, Penn has not quite dared not to use all the resources of the camera lest he be thought unadaptable.

He has guided his two principal actors as sensitively here as on the stage. Anyone who has known a hyper-ethical, disciplined, hard-working Irish-American girl will recognize her in Anne Bancroft's performance, including the hint that her maidenliness has almost been replaced by a kind of masculinity. Miss Duke's tantrums are both authentically furious and touching. Penn has drawn a reticent, attractive performance from Andrew Prine, the half-brother; but he has allowed Victor Jory, never a subtle actor, to shout his way through Captain Keller and has mistakenly cast a flaccid actress, Inga Swenson, in the flaccid role of Mrs. Keller.

Otto Preminger is a man of intelligence and high directorial skill who is devoted to one principle: success. For this reason, he has often failed. (*Saint Joan, Bonjour Tristesse, Carmen Jones*) For this reason, too, when he achieve success (*Anatomy of a Murder, Exodus*), it is of little real importanc *Advise and Consent* is one more of h unimportant successes.

I am one of the benighted few wh could not read Allen Drury's nove but I read the Broadway dramatizatic (shorter!) which is said to be faithf to it. The film is not. Preminger – wit his scriptwriter, Wendell Mayes – h selected elements of the original ar has re-arranged them, altering t highlights and shadows. The Preside is less of an immoral pragmatist; t secretarial nominee, although he st tells his lie, is more sympathetic; t homosexual blackmail is more exte sively articulated; the anti-intellectu anti-liberal bias is mitigated. Senat Van Ackerman, accompanied by h goon squad, remains a McCarthy to t left, not remotely connected with a public figure in my memory and wit out any basis in probability.

All the scenes in public buildin were shot on location except those the Senate chamber and in the Pre dent's office. These scenes, plus mul tudinous details, give the film a veris background that jars somewhat wi the ceaseless Renaissance plotting a counterplotting in the foreground. T risk in dramatizing any profession in making the profession seem cc tinually dramatic. Here one might i fer that a senator is more private e than public official.

Walter Pidgeon, the majority lead is the best that I have seen him – t is, he is entirely credible, which he h never been before. Henry Fonda a Don Murray are their accustom selves as the blackmail victims, Fra chot Tone is convincing as the aili President, and Burgess Meredith poignantly restrained as a neurotic w ness. As a Southern reactiona Charles Laughton, always an inc rigible trickster, has acquired a n vice: inaudibility.

The film cannot be taken seriously art or political comment, but it is lively entertainment. That would good enough except that, with Prem ger, one feels that it is expedient clev ness, not limitation of talent, that ke him from doing more.

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What the Laser Does

'rs:

erald W. Johnson's article, "Mac-rthurism," in making a valid point, ises another so serious, in my view, at I feel comment is necessary. Scien-fic research is making progress these ys at a pace which leaves the profes-onal scientist, let alone the lay public, eathless in keeping up with new owledge and the applications there-. Mr. Johnson demonstrates his com-ete lack of understanding of the phy-al principles behind the operation of e "laser" – a scientific acronym de-ved from *L*ight *A*mplified *S*timulated nission of *R*adiation.

he laser is a truly remarkable device however, it does not create energy; *it* es *not* employ sunlight; sunlight, in ct, is too weak, and distributed over o great a wavelength range, to excite ser action; the laser produces, it is ie, fantastically high energy densi-s as compared with other light urces, but over a very small area and r a very short duration of time; the tegrated energy output of a laser is odest, and indeed cannot exceed the ergy "pumped" in that excites laser tion; a laser pulse could cause local elting of a metal or could kill a very all animal; extrapolation from this the effects prophesied by Mr. John-n does not seem consonant with the ysical principles of the laser and the esent understanding of its potential.

Stanley Ruttenberg
National Academy of Sciences
Washington, D. C.

King Albert of England

's:

hen I was a little boy we used to ay in church every Sunday for Albert ward, Prince of Wales, until his other Queen Victoria died and he as-nded the throne as Edward VII.

Vorking in 1920 as a farm hand in w York State on the Meridale But-Farms I seem to remember recog-zing on a red tobacco tin, labelled rince Albert," the bearded young an in a frock coat who became Ed-rd VII King of England and not Prince Albert the Good, his father, Consort to Queen Victoria.

This news may help your reviewer Mr. William Jay Smith ("When Poets Rise to the Occasion," April 23).

Leonard Elmhirst
Devon, England

The Population Explosion

Sirs:

TRB quoted a recent study on over-population warning that unless this is checked by b***h c*****l "it will probably be checked by starvation and/or mass slaughter." He added, "The atomic bomb is a good way to control population if nations won't control births."

I grieve to cast doubt on these alternatives but there is some reason to believe that "letting nature take its course" – *i.e.* catastrophe – will not work. TRB, that splendid fellow, might be interested in a paper by Sir Charles Galton Darwin included in the book, *Man's Contracting World in an Expanding Universe* that I edited in 1960, in which Sir Charles calculated the efficiency of catastrophe in limiting human population.

Perhaps the worst famine we know of, he said, is estimated to have killed five million people in China. "There will have to be six such catastrophes every single year spread over various parts of the earth if the population of the world is to be held down to its present numbers through famine," Sir Charles said. The most lethal conventional war, 1914-1918, caused ten million military deaths. "At the present time it takes less than four months to make up this number again."

"Of course," Sir Charles says, "an atomic war might be very much worse, though it is guesswork to make an estimate." A common figure used for deaths in an atomic exchange is 100,000,000. "But a hundred million are replaced in three years."

Sir Charles said he was not encouraged about birth control having a substantial effect within the next critical fifty years but though it may offend some he declared that birth control "has the advantage over all the rest of being a humane method and not catastrophic." Typical British irreverence.

Ben H. Bagdikian
Washington, D. C.

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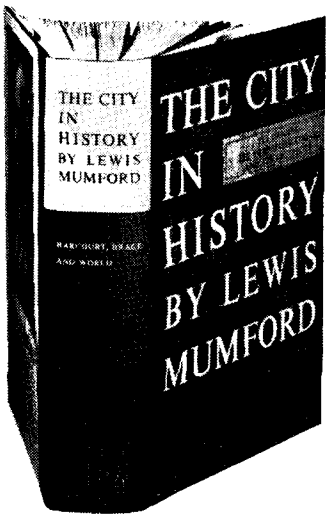

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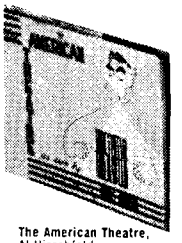

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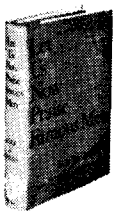

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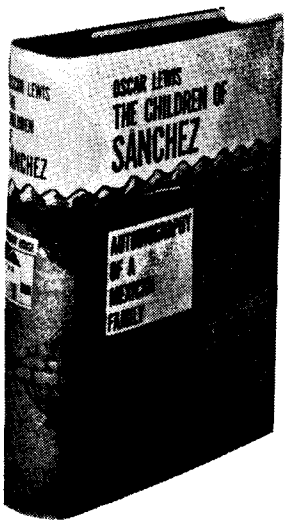

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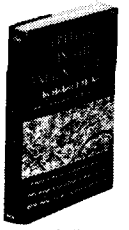

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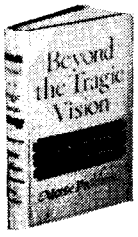

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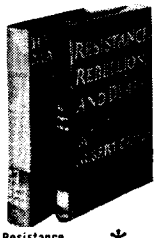

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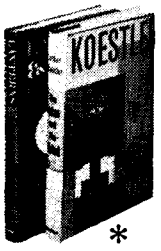

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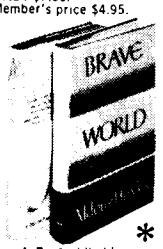

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